



HEART

OFFERINGS

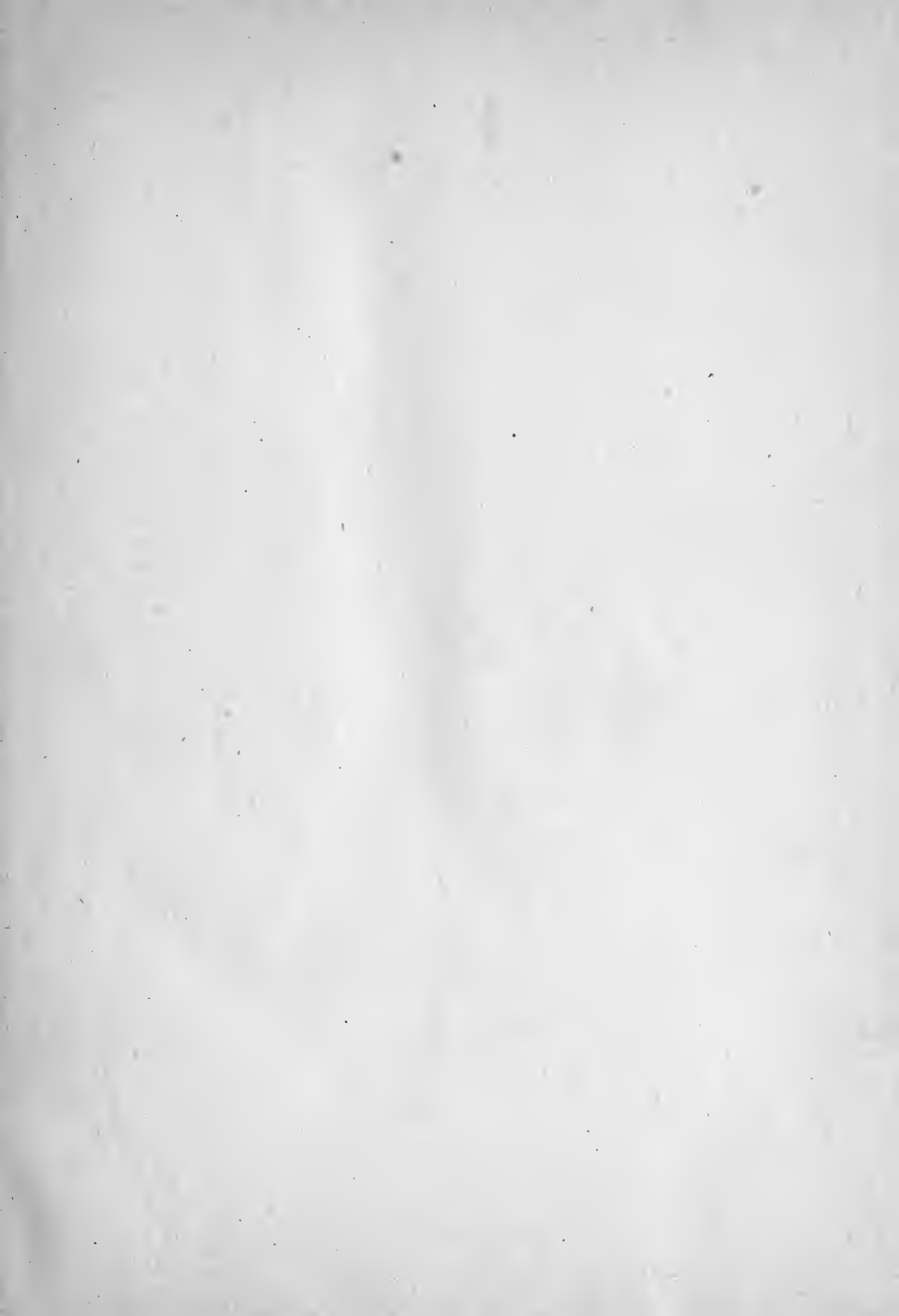
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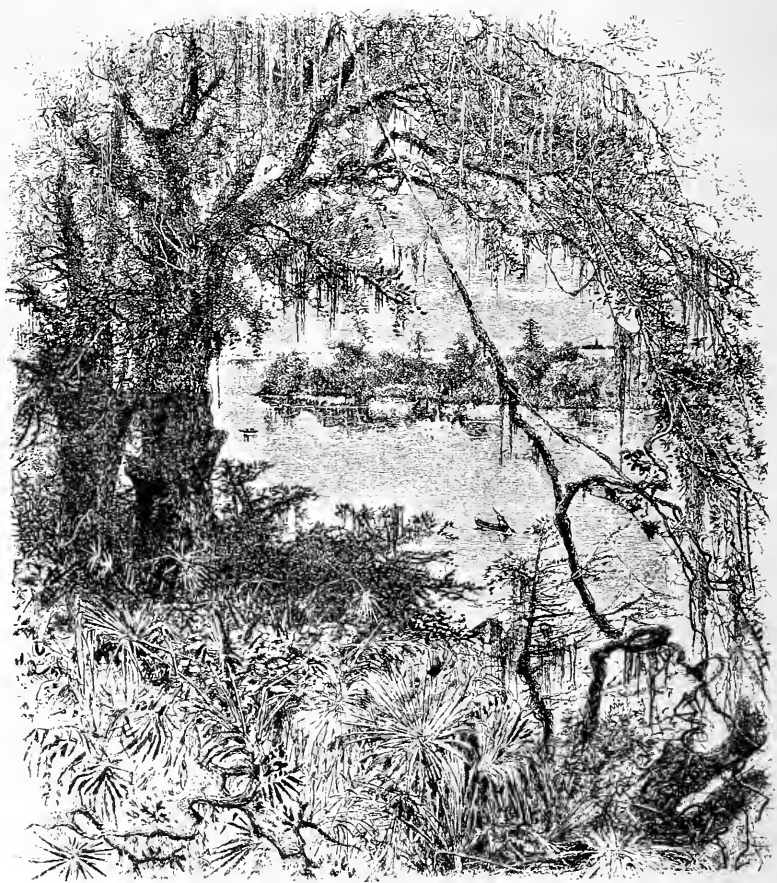
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HEART OFFERINGS:

A Book of Poems

BY

MARY BRAINARD.



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PREFACE.

Words for the sorrowful;
Words meant to cheer them,
To soothe the sad spirit
Like health-bearing balm;
To quiet the tempest-tossed
Billows of anguish,
Till the storm-beaten waters
Sink into a calm:—
Words for the sorrowful.

Words for the jubilant,
The brave and the gifted,
Who make all the hope
Of the future their own;
Who look out on life
With a Crusader's rapture,
Never disheartened,
Never alone:—
Words for the jubilant.

Words for the wandering;
Words meant to help them,
By lifting the screen
From the pitfall and snare;
From one who in love
Would awaken the guilty,
Rescue the ruined,
And banish despair:—
Words for the wandering.

Words for the purified,
Cleansed, and uplifted,
Whose joy is far greater
Than earth can bestow;
Who walk in our midst
With the grace of an angel;
Who live the pure life
Of the Master below:—
Words for the purified.



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THE WORLD GOES ON. ✓

The wanderer wandereth under the skies,
The old philosophers moralize,
The doubters doubt, and the wise grow wise,
And the world goes on.

The mariner shouts and furls his sail,
The black waves roar in the rising gale,
The black night echoes a dying wail—
And the world goes on.

The nobleman buildeth his palace hall,
The peasant sits under his crumbling wall,
The eye of the Holy bends over us all,
And the world goes on.

Over the headstone the mosses creep,
Daisies are blossoming over the feet,
Under the willow we sit down to weep,
And the world goes on.

The winter comes and the springtime goes;
We catch a breath of the summer rose,
We dream a dream of the autumn's close,
And the world goes on.

Our own sad dirge will be heard one day;
Gone, gone, will the wail of the mourner say,
Our very name will be lost for aye,
And the world go on.

Not lost, O nothing is lost, my friend,
Not ended, O nothing will come to an end,
Only the *world*, where thy footsteps wend
And thy life goes on.

Beyond the philosopher's vision keen,
Beyond the daisies and mosses green,
The summer rose and the autumn dream,
Will thy *life* go on?

When the silent moon and the stars grow old,
When heaven, like a withered scroll, is rolled,
When the earth is folded in fiery fold,
Will thy *life* go on?

HER MISSION.

Not to the millions of the dark-browed nations
 Beyond the sea,
To bring them tidings of the great salvation,
 Her work might be.
In the fresh fervor of her young devotion
 She longed to go,
And bear the cross beyond the distant ocean;
 But Christ said, "No."

She longed to stand within the lordly palace
 And tell the tale;
She thought the sweet words of the Holy Jesus
 Would sure prevail.
She thought the cold heart of the child of fashion
 Would melt and weep,
When she should tell of his divine compassion,
 His love complete.

O, might she to the weary in the palace,
 In mercy go,
And press upon their lips love's golden chalice,
 But Christ said, "No."

She said, O! to the wretched and the lowly,
 He sendeth me;
To tell them of a pure life and a holy,
 My work shall be.

Down by the side of earth's poor outcast children
 Will I go now,
Grant me, O Christ, to bear Thy blessed image
 Upon my brow.
O, joy! to preach Thee to the hungry missions
 Of want and woe;
O, joy! to tell them of a Father's mercy,
 But Christ said, "No."

Is there no work for me, My Blessed Master,
 In all Thy lands?
Must I stand ever in Thy busy vineyard
 With folded hands?
He pointed to the little ones around her,
 "Feed thou my lambs."
Then little dancing feet she followed daily,
 Lest they should stray,
And little lisping lips, as sweet as roses,
 She taught to pray,
And little busy hands her own hands guided
 In doing good,
"She hath," said Christ—the patient, careful mother—
 "Done what she could."

DEO JUVANTE.

I saw a river, deep and wide,
Bear outward to the ocean's tide
A nation's commerce, and its pride;

Where forest shadows touch the brink,
Where willows with the bulrush link,
A tiny bird flew down to drink.

The clear drops fell like crystal beads
As rose the bird above the reeds.
The river had supplied its needs.

Amid the hush of louder things
I heard the fluttering of wings;
The little wavelet's outer rings

Splashed up against the reedy bank,
And then to silvery silence sank,
And then swept on; the bird had drank.

Yea, this Infinity doth prove;
For all that live, and all that move,
Share in the great Creator's love.

He guides and rules by wisdom's laws,
Nor cans't thou find, who seek for flaws,
A higher court to plead thy cause.

Nor will He change one just decree,
Though thou through all eternity
With hand uplifted make thy plea.

Our hearts within us groan to taste
Immortal fruitage, so we haste,
Unwitting of the wear and waste.

Of hope deferred, in visions sweet
To bathe with tears the Master's feet,
And fan desire to fever heat.

But who can cheat the lover's heart
By any necromantic art
To choose the shadow for his part?

Can God be measured by the pride
Of human knowledge? wilt thou hide
With Adam at the eventide,

And deem the fig-leaf covering
Of unbelief can hide thy sin
From eyes that pierce all depths within?

The lengthening shadows slowly creep
Along the earth; thou soon shalt sleep;
And eyes that wept no longer weep.

'Tis true, we see but dimly now;
We know not when, we know not how,
But every knee to Him shall bow.

Soon all the mists and clouds that stay
About our lives shall clear away,
And twilight brighten into day.

Meanwhile, like babes that labor not,
Who love and trust their little lot
To love parental unforgot,

Upon the great All-Father's breast
We lay the cares that on us pressed,
And all our labor shall be rest.

LOVE'S POSSESSIONS.

Love hath an altar—there it stands
Day after day. In the High Priest's hands,
Are precious things that are offered up,
A full, free fountain, not drop by drop.
Love's heart, like our own, hath by sorrow been tried;
Love painfully toiled up the mountain's steep side;
Erected an altar and offered thereon
The treasure of heaven, a "Well Beloved Son."

Love hath a cross—it may not be laid down,
Though the world should flatter, or the world should
frown;
Not wreathed with bright roses, the fragrant and fair,
It boweth one down like a burden of care;
Not shining like gold, and with rare jewels set,
But heavy and hard, and with blood drops 'tis wet.

Love hath a robe; not purple and gold,
Like the beautiful robes of the monarchs of old;
Once it was red as the sun's setting glow,
Now it is spotless, whiter than snow;

Red, and all heaven and earth felt the thrill
When the sin-burdened heart of the Master grew still;
Now it is purer than all else beside,
A gift from the Bridegroom, and fit for the Bride.

Love hath a crown; it is worn even now
Like the thorn-wreathed crown on the Master's brow.
Patient and pure, in our sinful to-day,
Are some who are wearing that crown alway;
Conquerors are these in the world's wild strife,
To them shall be given the Crown of Life.

Love hath a star; it never has set
Since the roses of Eden with tear-drops were wet.
Tears that were shed at her Maker's call
By the beautiful, erring mother of all.
That star rose over the Orient land,
As mercy had promised, and justice had planned.
It guided to Zion the wisest of men,
It hung o'er the manger in fair Bethlehem;
But it rose to its zenith, amid the deep gloom
That shrouded the cross, and hung over the tomb.

NATURE'S OFFERING.

How the lilies, like the moonlight,
Pure and meek and fair,
How the bluebells and the pansies,
And the roses rare,

Day by day do gather beauty!
How the tulip waves!
How the rounded snowball whitens
For our heroes' graves!

Soon the children will be seeking
Through the woodland bowers,
Through the meadows and the gardens,
For the fairest flowers.

Darlings, what know ye of sorrow?
What know ye of pain?
'Tis your festival of flowers
That has come again.

Ask your mother; she will try
To make you understand
How the floods of untold anguish
Deluged once our land.

Ask your father; he will tell you
Of the battle plain,
Of the hastily dug trenches,
Crowded with the slain.

Here a scattered few are sleeping;
There the thousands fell—
From the bayou to the seacoast—
More than tongue can tell.

Their's the long and weary marches;
But the march is done;
Yours and mine, the dear bought blessing,
Of sweet peace hard won.

Go then, children, go and bring us
From the woodland bowers,
From the meadows and the gardens,
All the fairest flowers.

Woven thick with tender memories,
Sanctified by tears,
Though they perish like the heart-hopes
Of those troubled years,

We will on these grass-grown altars,
Your bright offerings cast;
Tribute from the grateful present,
To the noble past.



WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

What would you do should you see sometime,
Looking out on the world around,
The sun in the beautiful western sky,
Like a dream of the night, go down,
And know in your innermost heart full well
It never would rise again;
That darkness, and terror, and wild despair,
And ever enduring pain,
With a chill like the coldness of coming death,
Would fall on the blossoming earth,
Till flowers should die, and birds grew mute,
And the music of labor and mirth
Were hushed? A terrible thought like this,
Should it fix itself in your brain,
Would turn you mad, or break your heart;
You never could smile again.

What would you do in the lonesome night,
If a spirit voice should go by
Like the autumn wind in the pine tree tops,
And you heard in its burdened sigh,

A warning, sent to your innermost soul,
That nobody heard but you,
Calling you into the spirit world?
What would you do?

When you felt the life-blood chill in your veins,
And your heart with a quick, hard beat,
As if an army was trampling you down
Under its feet,
And wonderful thoughts of the unseen world
Were rending you through and through,
And you knew not the lay of the land thereof,
What would you do?

What would you do if you woke some morn,
And how would the morning seem,
If you found that your faith in the Son of God
Was only a midnight dream,
And you knew full well in your innermost soul
There was no God on high;
No supreme court for your appeal,
No one to care for your woe or weal,
Or to hear your bitter cry;
That the City of God was only a myth,
The thought of a poet's brain;

That there was no Christ for the heart's deep want,
No cure for its hunger and pain?
As you sank, and the chilling waves of doubt
Were closing over your head,
You would clutch for help, and nothingness
Would be found in your grasp instead.
All of the light, and all of the love,
And all that is good and true,
Would go out from your life, like a wind-blown lamp.
What would you do?



BE A MAN.

Not an angel;
That was never
 The Almighty's plan;
Else you had been
Born an angel;
 Be a man:
 Just an honest man.

Hold the vile
And the unworthy
 All beneath your ban;
Rule your spirit,
Rule your passions,
 Be a man:
 Just an honest man.

Walk this old earth
Like a monarch.
Be a conqueror—
 You can.

Though a legion
 Devils face you,
 Be a man:
 Just an honest man.

Not afraid
 Of honest labor,
 Not ashamed
 To toil or plan.
 Let what e're
 You do, be well done;
 Be a man:
 Just an honest man.

Let your word
 Be never broken.
 Let God's breezes
 Never fan
 One whose brow
 Is brighter, clearer;
 Be a man:
 Just an honest man.

Worship God,
 And love your neighbor.

Keep the golden
Rule; you can.
Trust in Christ
As your Redeemer.
Be a man:
Just an honest man.



SORROW AND I.

When sorrow first came at the bidding of Him
Who sends us both sorrow and joy,
I fled, as one flies through the wilderness dim,
Where the wild beasts delight to destroy.

I wept, till the deep lines of anguish
Were furrowed on cheek and on brow;
I wept, till the grayness spread over my hair;—
This frost-work that silvers it now.

Ah! wildly I warred with my sorrow,
Refusing to yield or obey;
And wildly I cried for the pleasures that fled
At the touch of her sceptre away.

Now sorrow and I are becoming dear friends;
She walks, day by day, by my side,
Still holding my hand in an unyielding grasp:
She is spotless and white, like a bride.

She lays her cold hand on my feverish brow;
Its hard throbbing pulses grow still;
She weeds from my life all its bitterest part,—
Its selfishness, passion, and will.

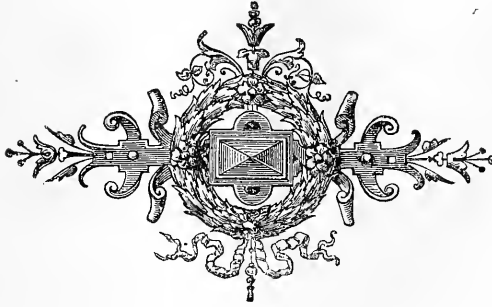
When I lie down to sleep she is still by my side,
With the clasp of a shadowy arm,
Like the clasp of a mother enfolding her child,
In moments of doubt or alarm.

One by one she is teaching me lessons of faith;
Deep lessons not easy to know;
Still weaning my heart from the vanishing things
That perish so quickly below.

As she whispers to me of a Father's deep love
That never will fade or grow dim,
She seems like an angel sent down from above
To lift my heart upward to Him.

She is loosing the ties that have bound me to earth;
And little by little I find
A dumb, patient waiting that deadens all strife,
And willful unrest in my mind.

She has wedded my soul for the cycle of time,
And no one can lure her away;
We never shall part till the dawn of the morn
That ushers Eternity's day.



ELLINOR; OR, WHAT WILL THE VERDICT
BE?

While her father lay in his drunken sleep,
She went through the winter's driving storm;
She stood at the rumseller's bar and wept,
But she prayed to a fiend in human form.

"O sell him no more for Christ's sweet sake,
O sell him no more," she plead and plead,
"Lest the burdened heart of the mother break,
Lest the little children beg for bread."

"But you will marry," he leered and laughed,
"But you will marry 'Squire Lyman's son."
He turned and a glass of brandy quaffed—
"The sooner you wed him, the better done."

"Never! never!" poor Ellinor cried,
"He bears an old and distinguished name;
I had sooner die than become his bride,
And link such honor with my deep shame."

“O, I will work like a slave each day,
And bring my wages to you each night,
If you from father will hide away
The cause of his ruin, this deadly blight.”

The monster, leering and laughing still,
“You may toil each day, you may plead each night,
But your father’s farm goes into my till;
I want his money; so now, good-night.”

The lips of the girl grew white as death,
And reeling, as under repeated blows,
She rushed, with bewildered heart and brain,
Into the night, with its drifting snows.

The father awoke from his stupid sleep;
The neighbors searched for the missing child;
God heard the brothers and sisters weep;
God saw that mother in anguish wild.

God saw poor Ellinor, cold and still,
Under the gathering snow-shroud lay;
God knows that dealer in rum. What will
His verdict be at the Judgment day?

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Take up the nation's history, O friend.

Have we forgotten? Did we ever know?
It reads so like a romance—how the men
Of Concord fought, a hundred years ago.

Was it the spring-time? were the early birds
Singing their matins tenderly and low?
Were the field daisies and the violets
Baptized in blood a hundred years ago?

We learned it as a school-task, day and date.
We seemed to know it; sure, we did not know
Those brave old heroes, living e're the States
Were banded in a nation long ago.

While yet the pillows, dented by their heads,
Were warm, there came the slow
And steady tramping of the foeman's tread
Through Lexington, a hundred years ago.

Then brave men gathered in the dawning light,
And, heart to heart, stood waiting for the blow,
And by their deeds, far better than they thought,
Laid broad and wide foundations, long ago.

Cannot we tell, who but a decade past
Wept tears of blood, a little of the woe
That lay beneath the surface, calm and grand,
In woman's heart, a hundred years ago?

We decorate our later heroes' graves:
Back to the nation's dawning let us go,
And twine for *them* a wreath of grateful praise,
Who bled, and died, a hundred years ago.

The mother of the present is the past.
In vigorous middle life, with hearts aglow,
Should we forget her travail? how she bore
Us on her heart, a hundred years ago?

Nay! never had the past such preciousness;
So back to the old home-roof let us go,
To lay our heads upon her lap again,
And listen to the tales of long ago.

And, if perchance she chide our greed of gain,
 (Confessing, as we must, that it is so,)
As we grow sad to see the taint of sin
 Tarnish the pureness of the long ago,

'Tis well to bow in penitence and weep.
 We may be comforted; for, soft and low,
The past has voices preaching to the heart,
 And songs, that tell us of the long ago.

Forgiving all the willfulness, the strife,
 Forgetting all the agony, the woe,
O that our glorious sisterhood of States
 Might find the lost love of the long ago!



HANNAH AND BELLE.

Over the wintry pavement,
Over the crowded street,
Came the ring of jubilant voices,
And the tramping of jubilant feet,
In the glow of the lighted windows,
Outspread was the costly and rare,
And the chime of the city church-bells
Wrote Christmas upon the air.

Hannah, with eyes of shadow,
Belle, with her eyes of blue,
Hannah, with cheeks of roses,
Belle's like the frozen dew,
Hannah, with scarf of crimson,
Belle, with her mantle of gray,
Walked over the wintry pavement,
And talked of the Christmas day.

Said Belle, "O, the beautiful Christmas!
And the gifts that are given to me,

And the light of the waxen candles
That shine on the Christmas tree;
But mother says 'It is nothing
Compared with the wonderful plan
That brought to the earth the dear Christ-Child
A gift from the Father to man.'"

Said Hannah, "The light of the Christ-tree
Never shines in our parlor or hall:
My parents look lonely at Christmas,
I don't think they like it at all.
They tell me 'Messiah is coming,'
They weep at His longer delay,
They say for our sins we are driven
From Zion, the Holy, away."

"O, Belle, let us choose some nice present,
A gift for my mother at home;
I will tell her the promised Messiah,
The wonderful God-gift has come.
I will tell her for ages and ages,
In spirit He's dwelt among men;
And surely her psalm of thanksgiving
Will rise to the Great Giver then.

* * * * *

'Twould be strange if a man in the sunshine,
With his eyes closely blinded, should say,
I am waiting, and watching, and longing,
To welcome the dawn of the day.
Stranger far with the ransomed around them,
The redeemed bending down from above
That a people should doubt any longer,
Or ask further pledge of His love.



THE WHY BETWEEN.

The dark-browed queen of a distant island
Said to the English Queen,
“You have the light, and we the darkness,
What is the ‘Why’ between?”

“Your sons go forth like gods to battle,
Conquering every foe;
Your ships, like white-winged birds, fly ever
Wherever they choose to go.

“Your princes are clothed in silk and velvet,
Are rich in gems and gold,
Have garnered up the light and wisdom
Of all the days of old.

“Your babes know more than all our teachers,
Your teachers are full of light,
Your priests hide nothing from your people,
Nothing of wrong or right.

"I come to you as to a sister,
 Tell me, O English Queen,
 What is the source of all your greatness,
 And what does our darkness mean?"

"Would'st know the source of England's greatness?"
 Said the noble English Queen,
 "'Tis the Word of God, the precious Bible,
 This is the 'Why' between."

Better than all the gifts of nature,
 Diamonds or mines of gold,
 Cometh the wisdom of all the ages
 Down from the days of old.

COUNTING THE COST.

Comrades, in safety we sit down at last,
Looking back on the fearful abyss we have crossed;
Now that the struggle is over and past,
Let us count up the cost.

So much in specie—dollars and cents—
So much in chattels and real estate—
So much in debt for the nation's defense;
Can it be 'tis so great?

Turn back the dial of time for a space,
Lift up the curtain of memory, green,
List to the year's toll; it tolls "61;"
What of the hours between?

Down in the South-land by bayou and stream,
Down on the sand-plain where the pine-forest waves,
Down on the everglade's carpet of green,
Dotted over with graves,

Down in the South-land each mountain can tell,
And each beautiful valley between,
How bravely they fought, how sadly they fell;
A story of valor I ween.

Remember ye how they were slaughtered in vain
At Manassas' disastrous defeat;
Count up the wounded, the missing, the slain,
Of that shameful retreat.

Strong Donaldson fell; but the winter rain came
To the low-lying faces so white,
Icing over the brows of the stiffening dead
Through the long, bitter night.

Strong Vicksburg was taken, but O, the brain reels,
As we think of the unnumbered lost;
A sacrifice history never reveals.
Are you counting the cost?

The Wilderness battles were gained, but the foe
And the friend of the Union the same
Found death, side by side, as the wounded lay low
Where the woods were aflame.

Remember the death-line that bounded the fate
Of our bravest defenders, and gave
Up from the prison pen only a gate
Leading into the grave.

Remember the wards where the sick soldiers lay
Side by side, on their couches, so white;
Where no sound was heard but the hushed, careful
tread
Of the nurse of the night.

Remember the homes where the hearth-light burned
low,
Where the brave could do nothing but wait,
And dare the black tide of despair at its flow,
Come it early or late.

Now only a picture hangs dumb on the wall—
The shadow of one you have lost;
Your heart almost broke when you heard of his fall—
'Twas a part of the cost.

No longer the weeds of the mourners are here,
The wounds of the Nation are healed,

But Nature, fond mother, sheds many a tear
O'er the burial field.

Our bright flag floats over the South-land again,
Our merchantmen cover the sea,
Our workshops are full, and better than all,
The slave is now free.

Shall we strike from our annals the victories won,
When our brothers lay dead on the plain?
Shall we hide our rent banners away from the sun
With the blood of the slain?

Shall we say the vast sacrifice should not have been,
And drag from the Temple of Fame
Our immortelle wreath in honor of him
Best loved and last slain?

BEHIND THE SCREEN.

I stood upon the street, and saw
The people come and go;
The passing by of many feet
Was like the ever constant beat
Of ocean's ebb and flow.

My heart grew sad; across the way
The low saloon was seen;
And many men whose locks were gray,
And many striplings, young and gay,
Stepped in behind the screen.

The laborer on his home-bound way,
A welcome found, I ween;
The merchant, clerk, and millionaire,
And e'en the student, young and fair,
Stepped in behind the screen.

As stupid sheep to slaughter led
I saw them come and go.
I pressed my hand upon my head:
That open door seemed to have led
Into a den of woe.

For well I knew the traffic there
Was death, disease and pain.
I knew that pits were dug to snare
The heedless and the unaware,
And brand the brow with shame.

The ribald laugh went round and round,
The jest, the song obscene;
No lovely thing in sight or sound;
Nought but the bond of habit bound
These men behind the screen.

Earth sank in dim forgetfulness;
I saw, as in a dream,
The *real* things that there were sold,
Or pledged for naught, by young and old,
Behind the painted screen.

A man brought in the plighted troth
Of early honored years.

With trembling hand he held it forth,
And asked what woman's love was worth,—
A rose embalmed in tears.

A boy brought in his innocence,
His childhood's golden crown;
He heard the wily tempter speak,
And soon with burning brow and cheek
Gave up his golden crown.

One sold for naught the flush of health,
A manly, supple frame;
One gave the hoarded wealth of years;
One sacrificed a mother's tears,
A father's honored name.

What woman gave, a woman's lips
For shame refuse to say;
But on life's billows tempest tossed,
With rudder, sail, and compass lost,
She drifts, a castaway.

The saddest sale, the dreariest,
Was one that was unseen;
That in each glass a soul was thrown,

Of price unlimited, unknown,
And lost behind the screen.

This still goes on from year to year,
But God, as earth grows old,
Can reckon up the gifts of his,
The hopes of life and lasting bliss,
Men for their drinks have sold.

It goes on thus from year to year;
Men risk; their foe doth win;
Souls go up to the Judgment seat
In sin and darkness wrapped complete,
In guilt, and shame and sin.

And fair, bright boyhood takes the place
Where ruined men have been;
Where, decked in smiles, the tempter stands
* The cup of sorrow in his hands;—
He lives behind the screen.

LEONORE.

The spring at the foot of the hill, Leonore,
You mind how its bright waters fell;
You have not forgotten its song, Leonore,
As it swept through the evergreen dell;
You surely remember that eve, Leonore,
When we met 'neath the evergreen there;
The moonlight fell soft on your brow, Leonore,
And silvered your shadowy hair.

The wind sighed for joy at our joy, Leonore,
Joy brightened the lilies bright dream;
The willows bowed low at our vow, Leonore,
And whispered it o'er to the stream.
Not the sighing that shook the dark pine, Leonore,
Not the night-bird's sad call from the grove,
Could startle your spirit or mine, Leonore,
From quiet completeness in love.

Way back in the uplands of youth, Leonore,
Life's harp took its echo of pain;
Just after the silver-toned hope, Leonore,
Came sorrow with mournful refrain;
Almost at the foot of life's hill, Leonore,
In fast-coming twilight we stand,
But the quiet completeness of faith, Leonore,
Points on to that Heavenly land.



VOX POPULI.

Last night a terrible deed was done.

When the wind, like a fiend set free,
Swept down from the frozen fields in gusts,
And the storm raged fearfully,
It wailed, and moaned, with the drear unrest
Of souls, in their want and pride,
Who wander the whole creation through,
And never are satisfied.

A woman outside of the bolted door,
Sank down where the snow-drifts piled,
To die;—fast locked in her stiffened arms
Was a poor, pale, frozen child,
Dead; and the icy tear-drops lay
Like jewels upon her face.
Dead; and the baby lips pressed close
To her breast in a last embrace.

Ah, yes; a terrible deed was done,
Somebody must bear the blame;
The murderer's cell, the hempen cord,
And the criminal's blasted name.
Somebody deserves to die for this
Black deed with its infamy;
Only this question be answered first,
On whom shall the penalty be?

"Stand forth, O husband; you flung her;
Your own hands bolted the door;
You shut your ears till her bitter moans
Were drowned by the tempest's roar.
This was the woman you swore to love;
Your babe was upon her breast;
Is there aught to say, ere your worthless life
Shall end at the law's behest?"

"I have naught to say," moaned the cowering wretch,
"But this, that the God above,
Doth know that I loved my wife and child,
As much as a man could love.
I stood last night at the rumseller's bar;
I was crazed by the drink he gave.

Bereft of reason, he sent me home
A maniac and a slave."

"Stand forth, rumseller, for by your sin
This terrible deed was done.
For a pitiful fee you caused this man
To murder his wife and son.
You robbed that cottage of hope and peace,
Of its stay, its comfort, its all;
Have you aught to say, ere the law's full weight
On your guilty head shall fall?"

"I have nothing to say," said the man of sin,
"Nothing but this to say;
'Twas not by me your laws were made;
What law do I not obey?
I paid my fee like an honest man;
You sold me the right to sell;
No doubt there is some one to blame for this,
But who, is for you to tell."

"Stand forth, law-maker, you pledged your oath
Never a bribe to take;

The people's servant, the people's friend,
Have you dared that pledge to break?
Have you made these laws for the people's good?
Is there anything to say
Ere the consequence of your sin be cast
On your guilty head to-day?"

"I have nothing to say," said the senator,
"Nothing but this to say;
You had the power to cast me down,
Did I not your will obey.
Your farmer must sell his fields of rye;
Your merchant import his wine;
No doubt there is some one to blame for this;
Can you say that the blame is mine?"

IN FAITH'S GRASP.

The son went out into the world
Young, hopeful-hearted, strong.
The mother dwelt beneath the roof
That sheltered them so long.
Away, away, o'er land and sea,
Free as the wind, he strayed;
That lonely mother held him still
In faith's grasp, while she prayed.

God blessed her boy; the wealth he sought
Into his coffers poured;
God blessed him; wife and children fair
Sat smiling round his board,
But hard and selfish grew his heart,
And far from God he strayed;
That lonely mother held him fast
In faith's grasp, while she prayed.

God sent an angel visitant
To that proud, princely hall,
And called the purest one away,
The best loved of them all.
And thus upon that worldly heart
A warning hand was laid;
Because his mother held him fast
In faith's grasp, while she prayed.

Time passed away; the wound was healed;
The wound his heart had felt;
And he forgot the vow he made
When in his grief he knelt.
Once more the Father's hand of love
Upon his life was laid,
Because his mother held him fast
In faith's grasp, while she prayed.

The angel, Sickness, laid him low,
And gave him time to pray;
She locked him from his counting-room,
And kept him night and day.
The angel, Memory, like a nurse,
Close, close beside him stayed;

Because his mother held him fast
In faith's grasp, while she prayed.

All through the long and sleepless night,
God called his startled soul;
God broke his bands of worldliness.
When free from their control,
God showed him his poor, sinful heart,
As in a balance weighed;
Because his mother held him fast
In faith's grasp, while she prayed.

God said unto this man, "Be clean;
Arise and sin no more."
God to the lonely mother said,
"Thy labors now are o'er."
O, happy ye, where e'er your feet
Have o'er this wide earth strayed,
Held fast by golden links of faith,
For whom a mother prayed.

DR. DASHIELL.

Lower the standard;
A brave man has fallen
Out from the ranks
Of our Zion to-day.
Sadly and slowly
The death-march is sounding;
Close up the ranks;
Brothers, pray.

Yet, weep if you must,
A friend and a brother
From out of our Zion
Is missing to-day.
Harder and sterner
The work presses on you;
Close up the ranks;
Brothers, pray.

Lower the standard;
A great heart is lying
Under the sods
Of the valley to-day.
No more earth's trials
Press heavy upon it;
Close up the ranks;
Brothers, pray.

Weep if you must;
But not for our brother,
He has entered the Mansion
Of heaven to-day.
'Twas Jesus, the Master,
Who called him, who crowned him;
Close up the ranks;
Brothers, pray.

Lower the standard;
A good man has fallen,
And earth has grown poorer
In virtue to-day.
But O, what a rapture
Has opened upon him;

Close up the ranks;
Brothers, pray.

Yet, weep if you must;
A voice for Earth's millions
Is hushed, like the voice
Of the prophet to day.
Others will take up
Its burden to-morrow;
Close up the ranks;
Brothers, pray.



OUT OF THE PAST.

'Twas the merriest Christmas they ever had seen.
The farmhouse children had hushed their mirth;
And the little maiden, Minnie, between
Her brothers, sat down on the well-swept hearth;
Her darling brothers, the manly Earl,
And dear little Charley, as fair as a girl.

Merrily over the walls and floor,
The gleamings and shadowings rose and fell;
The boys and their sister, o'er and o'er
Repeated the stories they loved so well;
"Now," said Charley, "let's find in the fire
The wonderful things that we most desire."

"Look! look!" said Earl, "a war-horse stands
With gilded housing and trappings gay;
Through the length and breadth of the conquered land,
The people bow to the conqueror's sway;

I see a sceptre, and, high and lone,
The monarch of earth on a golden throne."

"Look! look!" said Charley, "a grand ship rides,
Her sails in the rising sun are gold;
A thing of life, she sails over the tide
Into strange harbors and seas untold;
I see myself, as a helmsman,
Stand guiding her on with skillful hand."

"Look! look!" said Minnie, "a Man in white,
With a golden girdle and a golden crown;
I see myself in the beautiful light,
At the feet of the Heavenly One set down;
A mighty host, like the sands of the sea,
Are singing the 'Song of the Lamb' with me."

"I see," said Earl, "all the gifts of the earth
Poured out at the feet of this chieftain now;
The prince and the peasant are mad with mirth,
And beauty and honor before him bow;
But he bows to no one, he sits alone,
The monarch of earth, on a golden throne."

"I see," said Charley, "the grand ship rides
Back from its wandering, into the bay;
The mariner's cheeks are aglow with pride,
And the hearts of the home-bound crew are gay;
For love reaches out to them from the land,
A welcoming smile and a beckoning hand."

"I see," said Minnie, "the golden streets,
The sapphire throne and the gates of pearl;
I see that a band of angels meets
And welcomes to heaven the soul of a girl,
A blood-washed spirit escaped from sin
Forever and ever with God shut in."

Many a Christmas has come and fled,
And the dreams of the brothers are unfulfilled;
The curls have whitened on Charley's head,
The youthful visions of Earl are chilled;
But, long ago, through the gates of pearl,
Entered the soul of the sinless girl.

THEN AND NOW.

Mother, your son has come home once more,
 Just as he came to you yesterday night;
 Rise up mother and open the door,—
 Your hands are trembling; your lips are white.

Mother, this was your lovliest child;
 Often and often you hushed him to rest,
 Softly singing his lullaby,
 Folding him tenderly close to your breast.

O how sweet were the dreams you dreamed,
 As the sun in the sea of gold sank low;
 O how beautiful earth-life seemed
 In the hush of the twilight long ago.

Mother, this was the little boy
 That claimed in the morning his good-by kiss,
 Then trudged with his sisters away to school;
 O God, be thy stay! has it come to this?

This is the boy with the noble brow,
Where the death-chilled hand of his father lay,
Pledging his son that the fondest care
Should be yours till the close of your waning day.

Rise up, mother, and open the door;
Close your ears to that curse if you can;
See, the inebriate reels to the floor,—
That was the child-promise; this is the man.

Then his breath was as sweet as a rose;
Now you turn from him sad and sick;
Then were his tones like the wild bird's trill;
Now list to his mutterings, low and thick.

Mother, go back to your chamber now;
He has sunk at last in a drunken sleep;
Kneel by your bedside and vow a vow,
For O, what good will it do to weep?

Renew that vow in the ears of God,
Day by day, and night by night,
Never to rest till the woe be stayed,
And the world-wide evil give place to right.

ST. VALENTINE.

I don't believe the dear saints grow old;
What to them are a thousand years or two?
I don't believe that they fret and scold
At the frolics of youth; do you?

Of all the saints that ever I knew,
In the summer of life or the winter time,
The hearts of the children of men cling to
The brave St. Valentine.

If beauty is found in the maiden's blush,
If joy in the young man's dream of love
If dear to the heart be the Orient's flush
As it lingers above;

When the heart beats high and the red, red rose
Of youth must thrill at the joy-bell's chime;
'Tis when, in the midst of his joyous train,
Comes brave St. Valentine.

Then the heavens are written with mystic words,
The stars shine out into flowing rhyme;
Ballads of hope in the winds are heard,
Chanted by Valentine.

A wilder sweep takes the waltz of life,
And all to the beat of the heart keep time;
'Tis the 'wildering song of the wizard saint,
The brave St. Valentine.

The white moon sails through the winter sky,
The white earth hints of a bridal time
The young and the old may sacrifice
To the good St. Valentine.

NO PILOT.

Blue was the sea, as deeply azure
As Ezekiel's sapphire throne;
Down from the great blue arch above them,
The sun, at its zenith, shone.

Still was the sea, as hushed and waveless
As the sleep of a soul at rest,
Warm lay the sunshine on the waters,
As love in a human breast.

The captain, a rough old tar of Erin,
Said to a passenger near:
To-morrow morn shall the land bells wake you
In the bay by the city's pier."

"But," said the landsman, "you will signal
The pilot-boat from the land?
For dangerous is the rock-bound channel
With its sunken bars of sand."

“Nay,” said the master, “I want no pilot
To steer through the channel for me;
Fear not, the land bells shall awake you,
Or wakened you never will be.”

He turned away with the stride of a madman;
Said the mate who was standing near,
“The master is now in his mood of daring,
And we all have cause to fear.”

Low sank the sun in the western ocean,
And a single peak of blue
Rose up like the top of a distant mountain,
And the earth into shadow threw.

Then spoke the boatswain, born on the billow,
And bred as a son of the sea
“Go to the master and reason with him,
Or this night shall your burial be.

“Hear you that moaning beneath the horizon?
Ere ever the break of the morn,
We shall all be dashed on the rocks of the channel,
Or driven ashore by the storm.”

Black were the clouds that swept over the heaven,
Strong was the grasp of the night;
Dimly below on the brow of the dreamer
Was shining that low cabin light.

The mother was tossing in uneasy slumbers,
On the brow of the babe was a frown;
The maiden was dreaming a night of horrors,
On her bowers of bliss settled down.

The mast in the grasp of the storm was bending,
As a palm-tree bends to the gale;
Naught could be heard but the roar of the tempest
And the flap of the rain-drenched sail.

With a bitter cry of despair and anguish,
The captain sprang to the wheel;
But a mightier will than the will of a mortal
Baffled his sinews of steel.

The mother into the sea-cave drifted,
With her baby stiff and dead;
The maid was clasped in the arms of the ocean,
Like a bride in her bridal bed.

Down on the beach where the waves were beating,
After this night of storm,
With his great rough sea-coat belted around him,
Drifted the captain's form.



SOMETIMES.

Sometimes each disappointment known
Rides back to me on gloomy wing,
With wounding words and taunting tones,
And spirit stings.

Sometimes, as sweet as April rain,
There come the kind tones I have heard,
And fond old hand-clasps come again,
And loving words.

Sometimes, all earth and air seems filled
With spirit foes to drag me down;
Till every song of joy is stilled
Beneath their frown.

Sometimes, an unseen angel guide
Bends down to me, and whispers low;
Then tender thoughts with me abide
Where 'er I go.

Sometimes strange doubts and longings thrill
 Upon my heart; they thrill and make
Such wizard notes of anguish that
 It almost breaks.

Sometimes around this life of mine
 Immortal currents seem to flow
That bear me into summer seas,
 Where bright skies glow.

Sometimes, low down upon the earth
 I press my brow with shame;
An heir to Adam's sin-wrought curse,
 And Adam's pain.

Sometimes, the veil of sense uplifts,
 And all my being, softened, sings,
And I can almost hear the sweep
 Of guardian wings.

WHERE HE FELL.

A restless longing seized the Empress
To leave her home of pride,
And spend his anniversary day
On the lone spot where he died

Then south, still south, in the good ship German,
She sailed in safety down,
Through storms and calms, past ocean islands,
To the harbor of Cape Town.

Then up the eastern coast to Durban,
From thence, as friends had planned,
Along the level Landsman's drift,
And into Zulu land.

Down to the donga where he perished
Amid the raging foe,
And mighty hopes were quenched forever—
The mother journeyed slow.

She saw the land as he had seen it,
Through all the weary way;
The dense green of the water-courses,
The uplands dim and gray.

Without a tree, without a flower,
Away on either hand,
The ground rolls up in undulating
Billows of meadowland.

Great hills rise up from the glebe, o'erlooking
Like sentinels the spot;
Long lines of cattle-herds are passing;
She sees, but heeds them not.

Dark Zulu herdmen meet her, raising
Their hands in meek salute;
With shuddering awe she gazes on them,
So sorrowful, so mute.

She kneels in prayer at deep'ning twilight,
And from her tent at morn
She sees the tall tambakis grasses,
The waving Kaffir corn.

A cross of pure white marble, graven
With immortelles, is seen
Where fell her son; a loving tribute
From England's noble queen.

God comfort the despairing mother,
Give solace to thy breast;
And bring thee to the blessed haven
Of everlasting rest.



SHE THAT WAS A SINNER.

I asked them for Jesus; they said He would be
At supper that day with the rich Pharisee;
My heart sank within me, for how could I bear
The shame and reproach that would meet me when
there?

I thought Him a prophet, and sent from above;
My poor heart was aching for comfort and love;
I was tired of living in folly and sin,
Dishonor without and defilement within.

I passed by the servants and stood at the door,
Their bitter reviling in silence I bore,
Not heeding the cold glance of scornful surprise,
For the kind look I saw in the dear Savior's eyes.

The new love that drew me I could not define,
So pure for a sin-burdened spirit like mine;

Great tears of repentance and tenderness sweet
Were falling like rain as I fell at His feet.

I wiped those dear feet with my long, flowing hair;
I poured out the ointment so costly and rare,
Such fragrance imparting, as if the perfume
Of a thousand rose-gardens swept into the room.

He spoke—and His words were a passport to heaven—
“Thy sins, which are many, are now all forgiven.”
Then peace, like a fountain, rose up in my heart,
Bidding darkness and anguish forever depart.

* * * * *

Surrounded by soldiers I saw Him again,
Thorn-crowned and reviled, in deep sorrow and pain,
Through Zion's thronged streets hurried onward to
die,
Sinking under His cross, oh ! I could not tell why.

We followed Him bitterly weeping; we knew
Him a teacher from God, pure, holy and true;
We had hoped the Messiah of our nation had come
The anointed, the sinless, the long-promised One.

His farewell was sad as the wail of the sea:
"Jerusalem's daughters no more weep for me,"
But "weep for yourselves and your children this day."
Then on to His death He was hurried away.

I saw Him again—I can see Him e'en now—
As the shadows closed round His cold, suffering brow,
In mystery of darkness, that time when the sun
Hid its face in dismay at the deed that was done.

I saw Him ascending from Olivet's brow
To the throne of His Father above—He is now
At the right hand of glory, a victor set down,
Interceding for those He is waiting to crown.

All thanks to Jehovah who sent Him to die,
For the love that could save such a sinner as I,
For the hope to behold Him in glory again,
And praise Him forever: amen and amen.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

Had I been born an artist, and were free
To dip my brush in hues that ne'er could fade,
And had I canvass that I knew would be
Imperishable as truth, I would have made
Some scenes immortal; there be some I know
That hold within the undying germ of life;
They dim not, though the centuries come and go,
But shine like beacons o'er the sea of strife,
And still with fond remembrances are rife.

This would I paint: a camp amid the snow,
A deep and rugged valley, where brave men
In silent strength endured, long, long ago.
Yes; grand old heroes, whose whole hearts were then
To liberty a free will offering.
Men who believed that God would hold the right
In His own hand; men who could fling
Their lives between the darkness and the light,
Or die upon the threshold of the night.

Upon the right should be a wood-crowned hill;
Tall, gray and dark, against the winter sky,
Storm-swept and desolate, and I would fill
The left with just another such, cold, bleak and high.
Trees should outreach their long and leafless arms
As if to bless the suffering camp below,
As if to shield its soldiery from harm,
As if a benediction to bestow
On those rude huts amid the drifting snow.

Then would I paint a soldier; like a king
In noble, gracious bearing, bowed in prayer.
The deep, calm strength that early trials bring,
Trials o'er past, the grand old courtly air
That lay upon the men of other days
Like badge of knighthood, that doth heroes bind
To deeds of valor, and heroic ways,
I'd *try* to paint. And pure, and good, and kind,
The pictured face should index his great mind.

The rising sun should cast, (while all below
Was draped in shadow,) rays of golden light
Upon his brow. His eyes a joy should show
As if the future opened to his sight
The portal of its triumphs, ever new,

And still unfolding, still surpassing thought,
Till life's privations faded from his view,
And the dear land for which he toiled and fought,
Stood clad in robes by future greatness wrought.

O, yes! like Moses on Mount Nebo's height,
God let him view the land of promise o'er.
How did it grow on his prophetic sight
From broad Atlantic to Pacific's shore,
Far wider than the wildest fancy's flight,
Far greater than the patriot heart could dare
To hope for, in the long eight years of night,
When Washington bore up his load of care,
And, like a prince, prevailed with God in prayer.

As other heroes crowd the nation's page,
As other laurel crowns our hands bestow,
As poet, prophet, counsellor and sage
Live out their lives of usefulness and go;
Shall we forget the blood-tracks on the snow
At Valley Forge, and Washington? No; when
We tell our heroes with a grateful glow,
Let him be first who was our leader then,
Amid the "times that tried the souls of men."

“FROM ALL YOUR IDOLS WILL I
CLEANSE YOU.”

O God! *my* idol is not like the olden,
The Baal and the Moloch of the former days;
'Tis fair as sunset when the clouds are golden,
And O how pleasant are the quiet ways
Where I am led; sure it cannot be ill
That my poor heart should keep this idol still.

Would'st thou bow down to that which is but mortal,
That which, like thee, must crumble into dust,
That which must enter at the grave's low portal?
Turn to thy Maker; place in Him thy trust:
“From all your idols will I cleanse you.”

I loved it first, because I thought I found it
So pure and holy; so akin to Thee;
Unwittingly my heart learned to adore it,
And now for time and all eternity
Methinks life's emptied chalice it could fill
With joys ecstatic, could I keep it still.

Inordinate desire must die within thee;
Excessive love must bow before the Cross;
Then shalt thou live for Him who died to win thee,
All purified as gold when free from dross.
"From all your idols will I cleanse you."

From out my life this love I cannot sever;
If I should tear it hence my heart would break;
I will adore Thee as the Gracious Giver,
And worship Thee forever for its sake.
In all but this, O God, have Thou Thy will,
If I may only keep my idol still.

Cease, cease thy wailing; there are heights above thee;
Up, up, forever up, I bid thee climb;
There shalt thou greet thy King, the first who loved
thee,
There shalt thou worship only the Divine.
"From all your idols will I cleanse you."

O wait a little; soon we'll be forgotten
Within the tomb; relentless death will come;
Our hands be folded underneath the daisies,
Our songs be ended and our lips be dumb;

My choice is made, be it for good or ill,
Come life or death, give me *this* treasure still.

For vast Eternity was't thou created;
For reasons infinite; it is my will
That thou be perfected; long have I waited;
Called thee, and thou refused; I call thee still.
"From all your idols will I cleanse you."

Jehovah, I have heard that Thou art gracious,
And lovest not to cause Thy creatures pain;
Must I go back to my old life of loathing?
No, no, not life, a living death, again.
Some sorrows purify, but this would kill.
I ask as if for life, my treasure still.

Cease thou this struggle; neither friend nor lover
Can be to thee the Savior of thy soul;
I am thy Rock; thou mayest not find another,
I the Physician that can make thee whole.
"From all your idols will I cleanse you."

O God! all things are thine in earth and heaven;
Angels adoring wait before Thy throne.

How can I give what is already given?

How can I yield Thee what is not my own?
Lord, Thou can'st rend me if it be Thy will;
My heart can break, and then grow cold and still.

For lesser lights wilt Thou ignore the greater,
To keep the human turn from the Divine?
Wilt thou, the creature, say to thy Creator,
I am another's; I cannot be Thine?
"From all your idols will I cleanse you."

O God! my life's hopes were so long belated,
My whole soul sickened in disgust and scorn;
Now I can pity what before I hated,
And life looks bright and rosy like the dawn.
Shall love be crucified? is this Thy will?
My heart would die to keep its treasure still.

Turn quickly while thy lamp of life is burning;
Thy sun is nearing fast the level west;
Nothing below will satisfy thy yearning,
Nothing below will give thy spirit rest.
"From all your idols will I cleanse you."

O God! Thy love my stubborn heart has broken;
I cannot see, but I believe Thee near;
O let some word of grace be quickly spoken;
Speak, Lord, for I Thy servant wait to hear.
I bow, at last, to Thy all-conquering will;
Give life or death, O love me, love me still.

I love thee, child, I give thee back thy treasure,
Only subordinate its love to mine.
In fair Elysian fields of purest pleasure,
Where one eternal day undimmed shall shine,
Where death comes not united hearts to sever,
Nor dread of death o'ershadows with its gloom,
Thou shalt live on forever and forever,
Beyond the confines of the silent tomb,
When from your idols I have cleansed you.

THE TONGUE.

I write of the tongue,
That unruly, unsanctified member,
It never was tamed,
Like a fire among
The sun-baked, it burneth to ember.
That woe unrestrained,
Great empires of old it hath shaken,
And kingdoms torn down.
Since creation was young
A lead in the army of ill it hath taken.
It hath humbled the crown,
The unpitying tongue,
And thousands of hearts on the earth it
 hath broken,
And dear homes defiled,
Brave men have turned pale as its verdict
 was spoken.
It hath crazed the fond mother
And ruined the child.

Thou gossiping tongue,
What shall be done to thee,
O thou false member?
“Hot coals of juniper”
Bitter pangs wrung
By the lash of remorse
Belongeth to thee,
Thou unsanctified tongue.

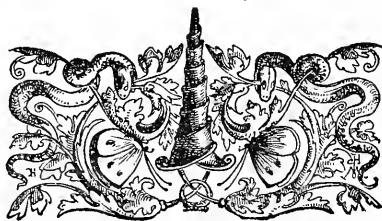


RARA AVIS.

Ah well, suppose 'tis so, and that young brow
Is fair as Eden in its earliest blisses,
Suppose those baby lips are pure enough
To claim the tribute of an angel's kisses;
Rejoice with trembling, thou on whom it brings
The awful trust a saint might shrink from keeping;
Go humble thou thyself before thy King,
Who gave it thee, and plead for wisdom, weeping.

Canst thou not see? the Lord of life has laid
His high injunction on thee, sister, brother,
To watch and pray that thy parental shade
Be not the Upas, this fair life to smother;
Never to speak one word thou wouldst not have
Him echo back, in all thine idle talking;
Never to plant one careless footstep where
In coming years thou wouldst not have him walking;

Never to give one oar-stroke to the wave,
That goes and comes and keeps itself repeating,
One stroke amiss that boy's fair brow to shame,
When thine earth-wearied heart has hushed its
beating.
Yet blessed art thou in the opening life,
That found within thy home its earliest springing,
In the great possible, that o'er the strife,
Of hopes and fears its promise-bow is flinging.



THE SALVATION ARMY.

Can it be the Lord is coming,
As of old, again to earth?
Passing by our halls of learning,
And our palaces of mirth;

Passing by our costly churches,
And the prayers that scarcely rise
Higher than the gilded steeples,
Pointing vainly to the skies;

Passing by the cold professor,
Loaded down with self and care,
And the haughty half-devotion
Of the purse-proud millionaire;

Taking pity on the fallen,
Reaching out a helping hand—
That pure gospel, which the wretched
Never fail to understand—

Reaching down, unchecked, undaunted,
To the foul cesspools of sin,
Where men perish by the millions,
Where the pangs of hell begin;

Can it be the Shepherd cometh
Once again into his fold?
Is this rough Salvation Army
John the Baptist as of old,

Calling men to quick repentance,
Showing favor unto none?
Are we on the eve of something
That has only just begun?

A BOY'S WISH.

I wish I were a man to-day,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd be a whole-souled temperance man,
And vote the ticket through.
I would not drink behind the screen,
Nor in the dark, would you?

If God had sent me forth to preach,
I'd tell the truth to all;
I'd fight the sins that rule the world,
The great ones and the small.
I'd never leave a struggling church,
To seek a richer call.

If I, as judge or lawyer wise,
The courts of justice trod,
To plead the cause of civil law,
I'd keep the law of God.
And, if I broke His righteous rule,
Bow humbly 'neath the rod.

If I, as master architect,
Great edifices planned;
I'd lay foundations broad and deep,
But not upon the sand.
I'd carve my name in golden words
On structures rich and grand.

If I should be a laborer,
This one thing would I do;
When I took pay for ten hours' work,
I'd work the ten hours through;
I'd be one of God's noblemen,
I would, now wouldn't you?

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH.

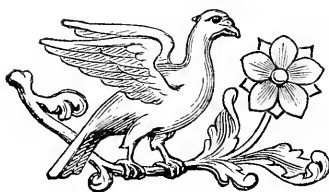
I wish I were a woman,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd join the Temperance Crusade,
And fight the battle through.

I'd go to meeting twice a week,
If I could go at all,
Not rigged up like a butterfly,
Dressed for a fancy ball.

I'd bring my children up to work,
I'd teach them how to pray;
I'd tell my husband how to vote,
If he didn't know the way.

I'd keep my kitchen real neat,
And mend my husband's clothes;
I'd keep a kind, unselfish heart,
To feel for others' woes.

I'd be a lady every day,
A lady pure and true;
I'd do to help the cause of Christ,
Whatever I could do.



FOREVER.

I dreamed last night that my love and I
Were sailing over the great blue sea;
I thought the moon, like a living eye,
Looked down from the cloudless east on me,
And I thought we were happy, my love and I.

I dreamed that a wind rose up from the west;
At first it was only the breath of a sigh;
But it stirred the waves to a strange unrest,
And it sent the bright stars shivering by,
This wind, that was only the breath of a sigh.

I dreamed that a storm-ship arose from the sea,
Sombre, and threatening, and thunder-charged,
Till the friendly moon it drew over to be
Wrapped in the sails of a rival barge,
The moon, that was always a friend to me.

That the storm-ship fought us with bursting shell,
Till the vexed waves reeled at his angry frown;
That his bolts of wrath on us doomed ones fell,
Till our flame-wrapped ship in the waves went down,
In the arms of the pitying sea, went down.

I dreamed we awakened, my love and I,
On the lonely strand of a summer's isle,
With the feathery palm-tree watching by,
And the bright sky smiling a radiant smile,
We wakened with rapture, my love and I.

I dreamed we went wandering, hand in hand,
That our life's dial pointed to childhood then;
And strangely sweet in that unknown land,
Beyond the discernment of mortal ken,
Were the hours we passed there, my love and I.

That the breath of the blossoming shrubs and trees
Was written, like poems upon the air;
That over and over the birds and the bees
Sang, "Here, O here, is the heart's home fair;"
And the light zephyrs answered, "We know not care."

I dreamed that forever, forever and aye,
Our eyes had forgotten the touch of tears.
Like the peaceful noon of a July day,
And a day with us was a thousand years,
We roamed through that island, my love and I.



LOST RECORDS.

The men, who with great Hannibal,
To Rome eternal hatred swore;
The men who marched in pride beneath
The Roman eagle, are no more.

What were their names? Where are their graves?
Their joys and sorrows who can tell?
Oblivion hath hidden all,
And she doth keep her secret well.

Who mourn the men of Bunker Hill,
That slept in death when day was done?
Who weep the men of Valley Forge
That followed Washington?

Will not some day, not far away,
Without a tear, be heard,
"My grandsire fought at Mission Ridge,"
Or, "fell at Gettysburg?"

An awful ransom counted down
 To liberate the nation's slaves;
 An awful bond the compact sealed—
 A million graves.

Our dead are gone; no more for them
 The bugle call, the battle strife.
 Can tears or broken hearts recall
 An offered life?

These were the men whose lips were warm
 With love's last kiss of fealty;
 These were the men whose eyes were lit
 With earnest of the "yet to be."

The years glide on; the centuries,
 So fraught with change, go swiftly past.
 The dear names on the monument
 Are lost at last.

And graves are leveled with the plain;
 Old landmarks fail; traditions yield;
 A town may stand upon the spot,
 Or, chance a furrowed field.

God led this people through the land
Of bleeding, burning sacrifice;
The death-smoke rose on every hand
And draped the skies.

'Tis ended now; the hand of Time,
With mystic web has covered all;
No more we taste the myrrh and wine,
The wormwood and the gall.

But young eyes brighten into thought,
As they from history's page
Shall glean that some have bled and died,
To bless a distant age.

So may the millions yet unborn,
By story and by song,
Be nerved to grasp, and overcome
Some other giant wrong.

Like golden girdle round the earth,
The future links the past;
That which hath been again shall be,
But God is first and last.

THOU GOD SEEST.

What doth He see, O man? Thyself enthroned;
An ice-locked continent, where all things freeze;
Wild, stormy winds; great icebergs floating down
To summer seas.

What doth He see? Black-winged Egyptian gloom,
Rayless as death, enfolding like a pall,
Where sin, the vampire sits full gorged, alone,
Monarch of all.

What doth He see? A land of shapes and shades,
Sandy foundations, wandering meteor lights,
A northern day-break, phantom-like, upon
The brow of night.

What doth He see, O man? A conflict lost,
Wounding nigh unto death; unequal strife;
A worn, defeated warrior casting down
His wasted life.

What doth He see? Billows of pent-up hate,
Passions, rock-chained, that burn and boil and roll
Beneath the summer landscape, fair and green,
Of self-control.

What doth He see? The leaden gray of dawn,
Where men, like trees, are walking in a dim
Returning vision, and the soul's one cry
Goes after Him.

O, God! such knowledge is too wonderful.
Can rocks or mountains cover? Hath the sea
A cave so lonely, that sin-ruined man
May hide from Thee?

Must every secret thing be brought to light?
Must every thought and every word we say,
Rise to confront us in the burning light
Of Thy Great Day?

Can nothing be forgotten, nothing hid?
Must whispers spoken in the listening ear
Be as from house-tops openly proclaimed,
The world to hear?

When masks shall fall, and mantles of deceit,
And skillfully wrought coverings of pride,
When refuges of lies shall in an hour
Be swept aside,

One only hope have we,—the Incarnate Christ.
One only fountain hath been found for sin.
One only Healer hath the balm to cure
The wound within.

Fly to that fountain quickly, O, my friend;
Fly quickly, for the days go by so fast.
Christ's blood can cleanse, His love can shelter thee
From thy dread past.

THERE IS JOY.

There is joy in the quiet of evening,
 When Luna comes forth in the sky,
And the heart is borne out on the zephyr,
 That wafts summer's sweet fragrance by;
There is joy to retire for a season
 From heart-breaking care, far away—
To shake off the dull chains of reason
 That bind us so closely to clay.

There is joy when the morning is breaking
 To wander far out on the hills,
Where music with light is awaking
 From insect, from bird and from rill—
To mark the first glow of bright sunshine,
 To chase the dull shadow away—
To hail with the bee and the blossom
 The sun—the bright monarch of day.

There is joy when the last hope has perished,
Our hearts once confidingly knew—
If but the dear friends we have cherished
Still prove themselves constant and true.
If slander's foul breath should assail us,
With strivings to blacken our name,
To find there are hearts that ne'er fail us,
Whose friendship and love are the same.



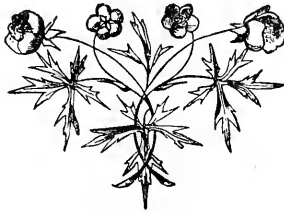
THE WILL OF GOD.

Ye are old, ye are old, I said to the stars,
Ye have stood since the morning of time;
Ye are fixed, yea, eternally fixed by the laws
Of the Holy. O, would it were mine,
To move in an orbit marked out by His will—
From the dawn of creation, or ever be still.

Ye are old, ye are old, I said to the hills,
Ye have stood since the morning of time;
Ye are fixed, yea, eternally fixed by the will
Of the Holy. O, would it were mine,
To stand like the rock-hearted, noble and grand,
Unchanged 'mid all changes, held firm by His hand.

Ye are old, ye are old, I said to the seas,
Ye have been since the morning of time,
Eternally fixed by the mighty decrees
Of the Holy. O, would it were mine,
When swept by the tempests of passion and will,
To be held by His hand, or forever be still.

Then there came on the brow of the blue hills afar,
And there came on the waves of the sea,
There came in the light of the beautiful star,
This message of wisdom to me;
Nothing is old but the Holy and True;
The same Hand that holds us is reaching for you.



SWEET CHARITY.

As if I were only their lawful game,
They follow my trail;
Scanning each leaf, turning each stone,
To discover the evil that I have done;
They walk on tiptoe, and peer, and hark;
Then howl around me like wolves in the dark,
And often they prevail;
For the flesh is weak, and I step aside,
Or walk too straight in spiritual pride.
Much I find in myself to blame;
But all the same,
They seize on each error as lawful game,
And feed like vultures, early and late,
On the very misdoings I loathe and hate,
Till I sometimes wish I were dead;
That my disembodied soul could stand,
Unseen, by my coffin head,
And hear what the same dear people say,
'Twould be surely a salve to my wounded pride

To hear what was said on the other side—
“Poor dear, she was always very good;
She has done as much as her short life could;
Did you notice how calmly the dead face smiled?
Poor child—poor child.”
Why not to the living be kind and just,
Though we sometimes fail, why can't they trust
That the motive is pure, that a better look
Will life take on at the end of the book?
Why can't they ask sweet charity in?
Oh, rare, sweet charity! sure 'tis a sin
To keep her out in the cold.
Come in, sweet love, I am getting sour!
Maybe these words will have the power,
To wring some heart—O, send a shower
Of better thoughts!
And make me feel as a Christian ought.

AQUA PURA.

See how it glistens, glistens,
Jeweling all the flowers.
Hush! there is music—listen!
Melody comes in showers.

Born on the top of a mountain,
Cold as the arctic snows,
Radiant, sparkling fountain,
Dancing adown it goes.

Lying in pure completeness
Down in the depths of the well,
O, what a tale of sweetness
The rise of the buckets tell.

Better, O, how much better
Than man's inventions. Think
How good is the God that gives us
Water, pure water to drink.

COME OVER AND HELP US.

[A Missionary colloquy, to be spoken in costume.]

MEXICO:

I come from a land where the light and the darkness,
The good and the evil are ever at strife,
To plead for our famishing ones ere they perish,
For you have the bread and the water of life.

I fled, O my friends, from the cell of a convent,
From a land where the monk and the priest have
control,
Where the dark secret Jesuit holds inquisition,
To crush out the light of the Lord from the soul.

O, send to my people the gospel of Jesus;
Let the words of the Master their fetters unbind;
Come over and help us, for dark superstition
Debauches the soul and bewilders the mind.

INDIA:

I come, O my friend, from the land of the Veda,
Where the bars of division are stronger than death;
Where man is feared more than the beasts of the
jungle;
Where the ties of affection dissolve at a breath.

O, rich in its gems is the home of my childhood;
Strange flowers spread its landscape, bright stars
dot its sky;
And nature sits crowned as a priestess forever,
In all our green vales, on our mountains so high.

O, send to my people the gospel of Jesus;
Teach in our Zenanas His life and His love;
O, tell us, who dwell by the corpse-laden Ganges,
Of the River of Life, and the Eden above.

CHINA:

I come from the far-away land of the sunrise,
Where Buddha is worshiped and Christ is unknown,
Where sin hath its root in the heart of the nation,
And poisons all life from the hut to the throne.

O, dark is the fate of the wife and the mother:
For the lot of a woman is worse than a slave;
Enshrouded by gloom and encircled by sorrow,
Till love's dearest gift to a girl is the grave.

O, send to my people the gospel of Jesus;
Let our priests and philosophers bow at His feet;
Let his heralds come to us from over the ocean,
And quickly the offers of mercy repeat.

AFRICA:

I come from a land where the darkness has thickly
Brooded over our tribes, like the night of the grave;
Till earth, in its scorn, has awarded us only
The brand of the surf and the lash of the slave.

Your traders came to us, across the wide waters;
But, O, 'twas for greed, 'twas for gold that they
came
Their slave-ships were filled with our sons and our
daughters;
Such civilization is only a name.

O, send to our people the gospel of Jesus,
That comforts and blesses the nations of earth;

Unfold the bright banners of mercy above us,
Till the last, the most hopeless of all shall have
birth.

INDIAN:

I come from the dark hunting-grounds of our people;
For the land that our forefathers trod,
Has become in your hands, as the Garden of Eden,
A gift unto you from your God.

And we have been steadily, ruthlessly driven
Toward the sun at the set of the day;
We know the Great Father of all has decreed it,
Our people are passing away.

You taught us the vices of civilization;
You have brought us the blight of decay;
Ah, surely you owe us this life-giving Gospel,
Our people are passing away.

AMERICA:

Dear sisters, we give you this gospel of Jesus,
Sent down from the Father above;

Our hearts have grown glad in the light of his presence,
While telling his story of love.

O sisters believe, there is rest for the weary;
There is hope for the sin-burdened soul;
There is strength for the weak, and gifts for the needy,
More precious than silver or gold.

He died to redeem us; now risen in glory,
He has triumphed o'er death and the grave;
Go home to your people, and tell the glad story,
That Jesus is waiting to save.

ROBBIE'S GHOST.

One bright morn, beneath the shadows
Of the Highland hills,
Where the pure, delicious odors
Of the pine distills,
Where the briar roses blossom,
And the linnets sing,
Bonny Jessie long had lingered
By the Highland spring.

Jessie wore upon her finger
Rich 'Squire Roland's ring;
She had pledged herself to wed him
In the early spring.
Round her neck, so small and graceful,
Whiter than the snow,
Jessie wore poor Robbie's love-gift,
Given long ago.

Jessie, looking in the water
With a blush and sigh,
Thinking only of her bridal,
Saw against the sky,
In the limpid spring reflected,
Tall, and sad, and grave,
Robbie, whom she thought was sleeping
Underneath the wave.

Down she sank amid the rushes
And the heather bloom,
Pallid as a wandering spectre
In the churchyard gloom.
"Robbie, darling, I am ready
To be yours," she cried;
"I would wed your ghost far sooner
Than be Roland's bride."

For a moment sat poor Jessie
Making this sad moan;
Looking up, two eyes were gazing
Down into her own;
Springing up, two strong arms clasped her,
(Just about to fall;)
There was Robbie, her own Robbie,
Not a ghost at all.

How 'Squire Roland stormed, this ballad
Will not stop to say;
How her parents coaxed and scolded
Her full many a day.
Love cares naught for such small trifles,
Is not bought or sold;
"Laughs at locksmiths"—good-by, reader,
For my tale is told.



WHAT AND WHY.

“Mothers and maidens, how brave ye have grown,
That ye venture to labor and pray
Where the name of the Holy hath never been heard,
Where the dark, reeking depths of pollution are
stirred,
By the angel in woman to-day.

“For what are ye toiling, O, daughters of God,
That your brows are so earnest to-day?
Is the mantle of prophecy, given of old,
The spirit of heaviness, fold upon fold,
Falling upon *you* to-day?

“For what are ye praying, O, daughters of God?”
“For the life of the Nation we pray.
We see written over her beautiful gate,
We see on her walls and her pillars of state,
‘The Lord is departing’ to-day.”

“For what are ye toiling, O, daughters of God;
Why pray ye and fast ye to-day?
Your cry going up in its anguish and pain,
Hath entered—I’ve heard it again and again—
The ears of the Holy to-day.”

“A new light hath shone on Immanuel’s word,
The ‘Lo, I am with you alway.’
Have ye fallen in love with the Cross and the Thorn?
Has the old martyr’s spirit within you been born,
That ye follow the Master to-day?

“In the name—ever blest—of humanity’s God,
We lift up our standard to-day;
We tread without fear where the Master hath trod,
As a babe in the arms of its mother, our God
Shall fold us in safety alway.”

BOUND TO SUCCEED.

Some people are bound to succeed,
And swing in the top of the tree;
Let's climb as fast as ever we can,
For it may be you or me.
A beautiful thing it is to succeed,
To trample all obstacles down;
And this is all in the world between
The gentleman and the clown.

Some people are bound to succeed;
Their plans may be baffled to-day;
They only turn the pattern again,
And try it another way.
A beautiful thing it is to succeed,
Well worth all your labor and care;
And this is all in the world between
The tramp and the millionaire.

Some people are bound to succeed,
 Though they plow in the furrows alone;
Be sure they will come with the gathering throng,
 And shout at the Harvest Home.
A beautiful thing it is to succeed,
 When noontide is over and past;
And this is all in the world between
 The saint and the sinner at last.



DEO VOLENTE.

A woman sat weaving, over the way;
Her tears had fallen the livelong day.
The summer roses were long since dead,
And the winds of winter wailed instead,
And frost lay white on the woman's head.

Backward and forward the shuttle flew,
Through the snow-white warp, black wool she drew,
And thus she blended the livelong day,
The black and white, but the web was gray.
As twilight slowly crept into the sky,
She began to sing and her tears were dry.

Still she kept singing under her breath:
"When the web is ended, welcome death;
Somewhat weary I am at best,
Somewhat glad of a chance to rest;
The snow-white warp doth Eternity spin,
While the black, *black* filling Time weaveth in;

"The shuttle is only a passing breath,
When the web is ended, welcome death;
Dark December and beautiful May,
The Master willed that the web should be gray,
Black and white, black and white,
Joy and sorrow, day and night,
Which is the better, the dark or the light?"

The woman kept singing under her breath,
The black night marshaled his hosts on the heath,
The hand of the weaver was growing numb,
The lips of the singer grew cold and dumb;
Lower and lower she bowed her head,
The web was ended, the woman was dead.

Who was it said, "the black was the best"?
Who was it thought it was better to rest?
Did any one care for the tears she shed?
Why did they weep when the woman was dead?
Who was it wished that the web had been white?
The good Master ordered the dark and the light,
Lonely December and beautiful May,
The good Lord had willed that the web should be gray.
Is there any one else that hath ought to say?

WAR (1870.)

We hear of tottering dynasties;
Of war's weird, wayward chance;
For the vineyard-bordered Rhine I weep,
And the sunny vales of France.

They tell of martyred patriots,
Of noble captains slain;
But a thousand death-white brows I see,
Upon the carnage plain.

And louder than the seige-gun's roar,
Or the long roll's larum wild,
Comes the frantic mother's wail of grief
Above her orphan child.

Alas, for the poisoned serpent-trail,
O'er that goodliest garden spot;
Alas, alas, for the ruined town,
And the peasant's rifled cot.

Roll swiftly on, O circling years,
Till the night of sin be o'er,
Till the blood-drenched earth be purified,
And men learn war no more.

Fold down thy curtain-folds, O time,
O'er the slayer and the slain,
Till One shall reign in righteousness,
Whose right it is to reign.



HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Out in the sunshine under my window,
Patient and busy, the old mother hen
Scratched, scratched for more than an hour,
Calling about her her chickens ten.

Silken and downy, the dear little creatures
Clustered around her, as yellow as gold;
Wonderful, strange, was the world they had entered,
What did they care for it, just a day old?

Back in the old nest, alone and deserted,
Under the currant-bush down by the well,
Lay, like the ruin of honest endeavor,
A poor little chicken that died in the shell.

Hard was the fate that forever surrounded,
Bright was the sunshine alluring, ah well,
Just as grim destiny seemed to be yielding,
The poor little chicken had died in its shell.

Alas for the beautiful life-plan we cherished;
Just at completeness to ruin it fell,
Lacking the force of vitality needed,
Like the poor little chicken that died in its shell.

Is it wise, o'er the nest of the dead past to linger,
Or go like the sensible old mother hen,
Calling our living successes about us,
Into the future, and scratch for the ten?



JESUS.

It is said a brave prince was enchanted
By a wicked magician of old,
And wrapped in the form of a demon
So frightful, so fierce, we are told
That dear little children would tremble,
And flee in the wildest affright;
And woman, the bravest, the truest,
Grow pale at the terrible sight.

By one charm the spell could be broken,
The magician be robbed of his prey,
The prince be at length disenchanted;
How hopeless! but this was the way:
If somebody perfectly lovely,
If somebody fair as the sun,
If somebody pure as an angel,
Could love him, the unlovely one.

Ah! man in the dawn of creation
Was a prince, and you know how he fell,
At the hands of the great arch-deceiver,
And was robed in the vesture of hell.
Yet one there was found that could love him,
One who was mighty to save;
Who could break the weird spell of the tempter,
And triumph o'er death and the grave.

Jesus was perfectly beautiful;
Jesus was holy and pure;
Jesus could love the unlovely;
Jesus could ransom and cure.
Jesus can change our vile raiment;
Can lift us from sin and from shame,
To sit on the throne of His glory,—
We are saved when we trust in His name.



MY CANADA THISTLE.

I found it one day by the roadside alone;
It reminded me much of my old Eastern home,
 This beautiful Canada thistle;
I thought of the springs, the rivers and rocks,
The bright columbines, and the tall hollyhocks,
 The burrs and the Canada thistles.
So I dug up the root with a great deal of care;
I made it a place in the flower-bed where
 I planted my Canada thistle.

But a man with a face like a black thunder-cloud,
Looked out from his lattice, and shouted aloud,
 “Away with your Canada thistle;
You’ll be seeding my garden, and this I can tell,
There’s a law in the land, Miss, that soon will compel
 You to dig up your Canada thistle.”
Alas! all my pleading and tears were in vain,
No more in the sunshine, the dew and the rain
 Will blossom my Canada thistle.

But over the way is a palace of gin,
A place of confusion, and discord, and din,
Of low dissipation, and ruin and sin,

Far worse than my Canada thistle.
Is it so that no law in the land can pull down
This curse of the country, this bane of the town,

As well as my Canada thistle?
Is it true that the people have never a voice
In making these laws, no word and no choice,
Excepting in Canada thistles?



IREM, THE OLDEN.

Have you heard of Irem, the Olden?
'Twas builded by Sheddad, the wise,
And modeled after the golden
City of Paradise.

Far off in the desert of Aden,
It rose at the monarch's command;
In the pride of his heart it was planted,
In the pride of his heart it was planned.

The bricks of the palace were silver,
The roof of the palace was gold;
It rivaled the midday in splendor,
O, wonderful 'twas to behold.

There were trees hanging heavy with rubies;
There were flowers forever in bloom;
The winds that blew over the city
Were loaded with richest perfume.

And when the whole city was finished,
His princes and followers trod
Its palace, its streets, and its gardens,
And cried, "'Tis the work of a god."

Like a vanishing scene of enchantment,
It sank 'neath the sand-covered plain;
Now only the desert of Aden
Reaches down to the upreaching main.

Sometimes, when the caravan slumbers,
When moonlight bends down from afar,
And kisses the sand till it glistens
And gleams as each grain were a star,

Sometimes, when the simoon has risen,
And shadowy phantoms of gloom
Ride over the desert, and beckon
The lost ones away to their doom,

Sometimes, in the glare of the noontide,
A thirst-tortured Arab has seen,
Has seen in the distance, this Irem, the Olden,
With fountains and gardens of green.

But ever it fades, like the fading
Of peace in a sin-burdened soul;
As the ideal life of a dreamer,
When reason asserts her control.

The poet of Araby lowers
His song to its minor notes low,
The long, drooping lash of the maiden
Is heavy with tear-drops of woe.

The mother bends over her nursling,
And chants to a sadder refrain,
For only the desert of Aden
Reaches down to the upreaching main.



ISRAEL ANDERSON.

Israel Anderson, weary of life,
Sat in his slippers and gown, one day,
And said to himself, as into the grate
He flung his cigar, "I'll fling it away;
For there is no pleasure the world can boast
That I have not drained to its very dregs.
I would change with the stable-boy who holds
My horse, or the blind old woman who begs.
I'm sick of my life, and this very day
I'll go down to the river and fling it away."

Israel Anderson ne'er had a wish
In his life, when he hadn't the money to buy;
He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth,
And all changed to gold that fell under his eye.
His possessions grew broader and richer each day;
No flocks like his own had so great an increase;

All his cargoes of goods sailed into the bay;
Prosperity gave him her benison—"peace."
But I give you my word, there could not be found
So wretched a man in the country or town.

Israel Anderson went from his door
That evening into the gathering gray;
The air was full of the sifting down
Of sleet, and snow, and blinding spray.
He was going to die; he scorned to take
His good fur cloak, and muffler warm,
So only wrapped in his dressing gown,
This miserable man stepped into the storm.

The wild wind moaned through the lonely street;
The sleet and the snow swept into his eyes;
His slippered feet on the pavement slipped,
When there came to his ears a woman's cries;
He said to himself, "I never have known
What it was to be cold in my life before;
What an awful fate to be cast adrift
On a night like this with no open door."

He took from his pocket a purse of gold,
And placed it in the poor woman's hand;

For he thought, what use will it be to me,
When to-morrow morning I'm dragged to land.
The poor old creature caught his hand,
Which she covered with tears and kisses warm,
Till a new, strange feeling crept into his heart,
As he stood by her side in the blinding storm.

A thought like this was at work in his brain,
I'll go back to my home, and take my gold
And give it away to the poor and lame,
To feed the famished and shelter the cold;
For my heir-at-law would be glad to-day
For a chance to step into my golden shoes;
And when I have given it all away,
I can end my existence as soon as I choose.

Did Israel Anderson, weary of life,
Find rest in the river? I answer, No.
Ere half of his goods went out of his hands
The way he was going was all aglow;
Before he knew it, his work-day passed,
So Israel died in his bed at last.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Though in Adam we fell,
Not for aye are we falling;
There's a cry in our hearts;
'Tis for God we are calling.
We have wandered afar
On the bleak mountain ranges,
Where doubt clashed with doubt
In their bitter exchanges.
All heart-sick and home-sick
For the Eden above us,
We cannot see how
The All-Holy can love us;
Yet we turn with disgust
From the fatalists cup,
And with hope in our hearts,
To our Maker, look up.

Though we dwell where the death-wail
Forever is sounding,

Where the direful resultant
Of sin is abounding,
Though the soul like a bird
To its captor belonging,
Imprisoned must live,
Ever grieving, and longing;
Though the Beulah land stretches
Its beauty before us,
Near, near, O, so near,
That the angelic chorus,
Which the ear cannot catch,
The heart feeleth ever,
Akin, as it is,
To the Golden Forever.

Though we know we must die,
'Tis not death we are dreading;
All covered with graves
Is the ground we are treading;
Our fathers are dead,
And the martyrs and sages,
And the holy and pure
Of all nations and ages.
Men lived, and the earth
Was ablaze with their glory;

Now nothing is left,
But their name and their story.
And beautiful women,
Grown weary of weeping,
Have slept like a babe,
In its mother's arms sleeping.
We are cramped, we are bound,
This earth is a prison;
But we know we shall rise,
For the Master has risen.

Beyond where the sunlight
And starlight is glowing,
Dwells the Lord of our life,—
The All-seeing, All-knowing;
To this Spirit above us,
Whose creative power
Ordained our existence,
We turn in this hour,
When bankrupt in love,
And encircled by sorrow—
Elsewhere is no friendship—
To beg, or to borrow.
This Hand never wearies
Of blessing and giving;

And our life is secure,
While its Author is living.

We adore Thee, O God,
For the gift of creation;
We adore Thee, O Christ,
For Thy perfect salvation.
O Spirit Most Holy,
That, in the beginning,
Brought light out of darkness,
Save us from our sinning.

Lift us from the woe
Into which we are falling;
Give us light, give us light;
'Tis to God we are calling.

O Spirit of Love
That brought Christ from His glory,
And melted all hearts
By His wonderful story,
Give us life, give us life,
For our earnest endeavor,
And seal us Thine own
In the Golden Forever.

THE WITHERED FIG TREE.

'Twas a beautiful tree, by the wayside it flourished,
And God gave it sunshine and rain;
The hand of kind Nature had lovingly nourished
To make it bear fruit, but in vain.

'Twas a beautiful tree; the birds loved its branches
And trilled forth in spring-time their lays;
The travel-worn pilgrim sat down in its shadow,
In the heat of the long summer days.

One morning the Master came, fasting and weary
With life's heavy burden of care;
He cursed with a curse this tree by the wayside,
For no precious fruit was found there.

And when the calm hues of the bright, rosy morning
Passed into a long, burning day,
The awe-filled disciples grew pale as they whispered,
"How soon it has withered away."

O, tree, by the hand of the Holy One planted,
As you stand in the light of His sun,
Will not your hearts break when the Vine Master
cometh?
Comes seeking for fruit, and finds none,

O, what will you do when He saith to the dresser,
“Why doth it yet cumber the ground?
These years I have come seeking fruit on its branches;
It is cursed with a curse: cut it down.”



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Friend of my soul, while here alone
 We watch the firelight glisten,
My theme will be of olden days,
 And you will sit and listen.

For, oftentimes as you and I,
 This day of days have greeted,
From merry youth to middle life,
 This tale has been repeated.

The dear old days when earth was young,
 And heaven did seem nearer,
Then seraph songs swept down to earth
 Upon the raptured hearer,

When shepherds on Judea's plain
 The solemn night-cloud under,
This birth-song heard, of Judah's king,
 With weeping and with wonder.

The wind harp, through the terebinth,
A psalm of praise was flinging;
The nightingale, in groves of palm,
Its nightly song was singing.

All earth grew still, as this, the hope
Of prophet, priest and sages,
Came down in song from heaven's gates,—
This mystery of ages.

The stars beheld their sister earth,
As God in mercy found her,
Low at His feet, a penitent,
Her robes of sorrow round her.

"Glory to God, good will to men,"
The upper choir kept singing,
Until it seemed as if the whole
Of heaven's bells were ringing.

When God's dear messenger had told
The wondrous, joyful story,
And all the holy throng swept back
Into the upper glory;

One shepherd to the other said,
His heart within him swelling,
“Go thou with me, and let us see
This thing that they were telling.”

Out on the plain the shepherds left
Their sleeping lambs untended,
To seek the new-born Lamb of God,
In haste their ways they wended.

Not in the palace of a king
With royal guards around Him,
Not even in the crowded inn
Among the guests they found Him;

How sad, how strange! this Prince of Peace
In His own world a stranger!
This Son of God, this virgin's babe,
Lay cradled in a manger.

How sad! how good! how wonderful!
How full of grace and glory!
To tell, as we have told this eve,
The dear old Christmas story.

Friend of my soul, join hands with me;
We promise to each other,
More worthy of this gift to live,
More like our Elder Brother.

We pledge, the dear Lord helping us,
By our own lives to show Him
So good, so pure, that all the world
Will worship and adore Him.



A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

I was walking, but for pleasure,
Unconcerned, and unaware,
Drifting, as the crowd was drifting,
Through the city, anywhere;

Past the palace, rich and lofty,
Past the lordly merchant's door,
Past the cottage of the workman,
Past the hovel of the poor;

I was musing; for my own heart
Had its special load of care;
Had its strivings with the tempter,
Its rejoicings, its despair.

Lower grew the city's tumult,
Like a sea-storm hushed to rest;
I was on the open common,
Where the crowd no longer pressed,

Where the sun-bright dandelion
And the buttercup are found,
Where the iron rails of travel
Girdle all the city round.

I heard a low cry, as of some one in pain,
As if hope for the help of a mortal was vain;
It came from a woman most deathly and pale,
As she flung herself down on the cold iron rail,
And her beautiful, innocent, darling babe too—
Even then the great train from the North-west was due;
Like a storm in the distance its rumbling was heard,
And the ground with the jar of its coming was stirred.

O, the bitter despair of that desolate cry;
It arrested the steps of the loiterers by;
The proud millionaire from his carriage came down,
And a crowd from the alleys collected around.
They held the poor woman, despairing and wild,
While the engine rushed past, and the cold, lifeless
child;
For the baby had cried, and, it could not be hate,
It was love turning mad, mother's love desperate,
With her own daring hand she had stifled its breath,
That her child, with herself, might find refuge in death.

Standing there in our midst, O, how closely she
pressed

The cold lips of her babe to her warm, panting breast,
With never a sigh, and with never a moan,

In that circle of pitying strangers, alone.

This wife—but she seemed hardly more than a bride—

This child of a home, once its promise and pride,

This woman who loved, loving only too well,

Till she fled from a home, rum had turned to a hell.

There's a place where the love of the Christian hath
reared

A retreat for the fallen, whose lives have been seared

By the brand of dishonor; they carried her there.

But was that place for her? *She* was truthful and fair;

Her life and her love like pure gold had been tried

In the furnace of sorrow; her womanly pride

Was aroused, and she fled in the darkness away.

Once only she opened her pale lips to say

That her husband was drunk. Only ye who have trod

Through this valley of anguish, only ye and your God

Can reveal how the hopes of that woman went down,

As the days went and came in that rum-governed
town,

Where the license to traffic in ruin is sold,

Where safety and virtue are bartered for gold.

She went, day by day, through the great busy streets,
Past the homes of the proud, past the beggar's retreat;
She was famished and weak as a wandering dove,
Her brain turning wild; all the light and the love
Dying out of her heart, leaving one thought instead;
Like the promise of safety, of shelter, and bread,
This desperate thought, that only a breath
Lay between her dark fate and the refuge of death.

The husband was drunk; ah! how common the tale;
This traffic in drink with its law-licensed sale
Is breaking more hearts in our country to-day
Than the pestilence bearing its thousands away;
How it crieth to heaven, our national sin;
How it rankles and ruins, deep-rooted, within
The dear precincts of home. "But why," question ye?
"Do ye tell what we know, what we cannot but see?
Why harrow the soul of a reader like this,
When *our* homes are havens of quiet and bliss?"

'Tis a thought, O my friends, that should fill you
with fear;
I would I could make the whole nation to hear.
Your hearts *ought* to bleed, and your tears *ought* to
flow,

That the laws of your country can sanction such woe.
I would all the people as one could arise,
To put down this evil, though it should sacrifice
Our ease and our comfort, our pleasure and pride,
Till we come where self-love shall be all crucified;
For some one must labor, it may be, must die,
When the spirits of evil are fettered with chains;
Some, nailed to the cross, must be lifted on high;
There must be some lone garden where suffering
 reigns,
Some lips must be pressed to the wormwood and gall,
Ere the blessing of life shall be given to all.



THY KINGDOM COME.

Eighteen hundred years ago,
On the Galilean hill,
When the hush of the quiet eventide
Fell tenderly and still,
Christ taught His disciples thus to pray,
"Father, Thy kingdom come;"
And His own great burdened heart replied,
"Thy will on earth be done."

But the kingdom of God will never come,
No matter how much you pray,
Till men and women arise and put
The sins of their lives away;
Till hearts in the love of the pure and good
Grow valiant and true and strong,
And men and women shall dare to face
The embattled hosts of wrong.

The Kingdom of God will never come,
 No matter how much you pray,
 Till men and women arise and turn
 From the lust of gold away;
 The gold that cankers, corrodes and rusts,
 With the canker and rust of sin;
 That drags the soul from its holy trust,
 And sayeth to guilt, "Come in."

The Kingdom of God will never come,
 No matter how much you pray,
 Till men and women arise and cast
 The follies of earth away;
 This strong desire for gaudy show,
 This thirst for the mean applause
 Of the eager, fickle multitude,
 Who flee from a waning cause.

The Kingdom of God will never come,
 No matter how much you pray,
 Till men and women arise and work
 In the light of the Gospel day,
 Not for the wages that earth can give,
 Not for the breath of fame,

Not for position, wealth or power,
Not for an honored name.

The Kingdom of God will never come,
And the reign of Christ begin
While man for gold may tempt and sell
His brother man to sin;
While gates to hell stand open wide
Before the young and old,
And men do less for the love of God
Than they do for the love of gold.

Let us never dare in the sight of God,
With lifted hands to pray,
"Thy Kingdom come," till we consecrate
Ourselves to His righteous sway.
Let us walk with Jesus, step by step,
Till every conflict's won;
Work as we pray, pray as we work—
Then will His "Kingdom come."

FATHER.

Only a beautiful tress
Of his snow-white hair;
Only his ebony staff,
And his empty chair.

Only in yonder churchyard,
A lowly bed;
Only a Bible record
That he is dead.

Only a picture hanging
Upon the wall;
Only a sacred mem'ry—
That is all.

Sometime the silent angel
Will come for me,
As welcome as a lover,
To set me free.

As the sailor longs for the ocean,
And trims his sail
To catch the first faint breezes
Of the rising gale,

So will I be waiting, waiting,
For the word to come,
That tells me I am wanted
In my Father's home.



CHRIST'S VISIT TO GADARA.

Once, over Gennesarett's storm-lifted billows,
To the bold, rocky coast of Gadara He came.
From his eyrie the eagle, the dove from her willow,
Rejoiced at God's covenant Messenger's name.

The field lilies smiled in His face from the wayside,
The rich, purpling grapes and the ripe golden
sheaves
Grew bright with desire; the tall, waving palm-trees
Bowed low at His coming their coronal leaves.

The balm-burdened breeze on His brow kissed a welcome;
His charmed presence brooded o'er hushed Galilee;
The sin-curse of ages seemed breaking and lifting,
As the day-dawn uplifts the gray fogs from the sea.

A healer was He; the tortured demoniac
Came out from his haunt in the dim-lighted tomb,

And sat like a child at the feet of the Master,
Finding health for his madness and hope for his
gloom.

Alas, for the people who gave Him no welcome;
Who prayed and besought Him that He would de-
part;
Again did the shadows close silently round them,
In all of their blindness and hardness of heart.

He went at their bidding, nor tarried; He left them
Enwrapped in their own chosen sins as a spell;
His dumb lips pressed down his grieved heart in its
pleading,
As their green slopes grew dim in his silent fare-
well.

Nevermore sighed the winds of Gadara His welcome,
Nevermore did the lilies rejoice at His tread;
Rejecting His love and His life-giving Gospel,
The people lived on, and, though living, were dead.

NIGHT-HAWK, ALIAS WHIP-POOR-WILL.

[A Legend.]

In sixteen hundred and twenty-three,
The Dutch West India Company
Planted a flourishing colony

Where the city of Albany stands to-day;
And built Fort Orange, to keep away
The savages and beasts of prey.

They gave the settlers tracts of land,
Farms for the clearing, to every man;
'Twas in the days of Governor Van

Walten Van Tiller, a deed was done,
Half in cruelty, half in fun,
That changed the song the Night-hawk sung.

Back from the settlement most a mile,
Old Van Webber, in Dutch-land style,
Smoked his pipe in the twilight, while

Frow Van Webber the table laid,
With Wilhelmina, the daughter's, aid,
A blue-eyed, red-cheeked country maid.

'Twas June, the eighteenth, Saturday night,
If I remember the legend right,
Her lover trudged through the clear moonlight;

He whistled and sung; he was full of glee,
For Wilhelmina had promised to be
His bride, at the coming Christmas Tree.

The moon went under a passing cloud;
William whistled and laughed aloud;
He had sold his furs as he had vowed,

And bought his darling the prettiest dress
That ever was brought to that wilderness.
Now it chanced a night-hawk built her nest

Under a log, in the tangled dell;
The man preoccupied, stumbled, fell;
The bird sprang up with a frightened yell.

“Here is a nest,” the young man cried,
“Three little birdies for my bride;”
He started away with a steady stride.

The old birds round and round him flew—
Screaming as birds in agony do—
Right into his face; the first he knew

The mother bird came; he seized her head
With short-lived passion and wrung: when dead
He flung her away, and away he sped.

O, what a screaming William heard!
It seemed as if every forest bird
Was telling the story, word for word.

In her cabin door Wilhemina stood,
Pure as a daisy, pure and good;
Seeing and hearing, bewildered stood:

“What is it, William?” Into her hand
He flung the birdlings; “you cruel man,
You ought to be whipped. Do you understand?”

Then every night-hawk in the throng
Turned the sentence into a song,
And sung it loud, and sung it long;

Whenever one of the night-hawk clan
Hears the step of the coming man,
He screams as loud as ever he can,

Whip-poor-will—William is dead,
And since the Christmas they were wed,
Over two hundred years have fled,

And Wilhelmina's great grandson,
With General Stark, at Bennington,
Shouted over the victory won.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I had learned my geography lesson;
Teacher said I had done very well;
I could say all the capes and the rivers,
And the capital towns I could tell.

I knew all the countries of Asia,
From the sea to the distant Japan;
And the isles of the Indian ocean,
Sunny Persia and rich Hindoostan.

I had learned of the tea and the spices,
Of the bread-fruit and wide-spreading palm,
Where the song of the bulbul arises,
From the cinnamon groves and the balm.

But in thought all the time I went farther,
Still wishing and longing to know
Something more of the home and the heart-life,
Than school-books or teachers bestow.

So I asked my mamma in the evening,
As she held me awhile on her knee;
I shall never forget the sweet lesson
That she taught in the twilight to me.

She told me those people were heathen,
Degraded, and sinful, and vile,
Going on through the bondage of darkness,
To the judgment of God all the while.

“We are trying to send them the Gospel,
For they sit in the shadow of night;
We are asking the dear Lord to help them,
And to lead them out into the light.

“For you know the dear Lord has commanded,
That we send this pure Gospel to all;
Has promised His help and His presence,
And His love to the great and the small.”

She said, “In a little time longer,
All those who now labor to save,
All those who are spreading the Gospel,
Will lie down to sleep in the grave.

“The girls who so soon will be women,
Must take up the cross and prevail,
Must labor and pray for the heathen,
Or the work in those countries will fail.”

Then mamma knelt down in the twilight;
She was weeping, I plainly could see;
And prayed that the spirit of Jesus,
On all of the children might be.

Upon all of the dear little children,
Till they grew to be women and men;
And I prayed in my heart, “Jesus help me;”
And I said at the ending, “Amen!”



IN MEMORIAM.

Yes, weep for Inez,
But do not murmur;
The child had entered
A summer clime;
Like you, O sorrowing
Friend, I loved her,
And wish her innocent
Rest was mine.

Rejoice for Inez,
The child exalted,
Whose opening future
Hath no alloy.
In the fold of Jesus
To dwell securely,
Shut in forever,
O, what a joy!

THE TEMPTED.

“My mother, let me go this only time,
But just one little step across the line;
Dost thou not see how rich and wild that bloom,
And how the air hangs heavy with perfume?”
“That bloom is poison, child, ’twill lead astray,
And tempt the pilgrim from the narrow way.”

“O mother! let me go; see how the sun
Shines on that rose-strewn path; let me get one;
The journey has been weary, dull and long,
And over there is feasting, mirth and song.”
“’Tis empty show, my child, and sinful pride;
Thou never canst with them be satisfied.”

“O mother! see that smiling, dancing throng!
They beckon me to come, they’ve called me long;
I see a crown of roses on the green—
They wait to garland me as beauty’s queen.”
“My child, that way leads to the pit of woe;
’Tis lined with thorns, the crown that tempts thee so.”

“O mother, see! my mates are on that side;
How stately are their steps! how full of pride!
How their cheeks burn, and their eyes light and glow!
And they are decked in fashion's latest show.”
“Beneath the glitter of that empty smile
Their hearts are breaking—breaking all the while.”

“Mother, this way is narrow and so still;
But the air freshens as we climb the hill.
We walk above the mists, the clouds unfold,
I see a city, and its streets are gold.”
“Praise God, my child, that thou art free from sin,
For at the pearly gates He'll let thee in.”



MY CHOICE.

I would rather, when I am gone,
That my nearest neighbor should say,
“She was always a friend to me,
I shall miss her many a day”;—
I would rather my neighbor's child,
Remembering what I have said,
Should walk in the pathway of truth,
Long after her teacher is dead;—

I would rather some boy of the town,
Long after I'm under the sod,
Should be kept from the perils of sin,
Should be drawn to the temple of God,
By a word, or a deed, or a look,
That memory's beautiful spell
Weaves over the heart of the child,
Reaching up into manhood as well;—

I would rather that lover and friend
Should say, "She was kind, she was true;
Unselfishly on to the end
She did what was given to do"—
Than to have the whole world at my feet,
Applauding me early and late;—
I would rather be loved than marveled at!
I would rather be good than great!



SONG.

'Tis the language of longing,
The heart's inspiration,
To tell out the wants
Of the undying soul.
When low at the gate
Of the Palace of Mercy,
We wait, Lazar-like,
For the crumbs of the fold.
'Tis the language of longing.

'Tis the language of sorrow;
The deep cry of anguish;
The low, bitter wailing
Of spirit-despair,
Sobbing up from the broken
In heart; 'tis the burden
Of dull, patient waiting;
The burden of care.
'Tis the language of sorrow.

'Tis the shout of laudation
When the soul has been feasted
And lifted up into
Its haven of rest;
When a foretaste of Paradise
Folds us in rapture,
And the heart weeps for joy
As it welcomes its Guest.
'Tis the shout of laudation.

It shall be the language
Of triumph, when over
The Jordan of Death
We sit down on our throne.
It shall be the beautiful
Language of greeting,
When we meet the dear ones
Whom on earth we had known.
'Tis the language of heaven.



THY WILL BE DONE.

He stood upon life's headlands, in from sea,
 His barques of hope, full-freighted, homeward
 bound,
 Were dashed against the sunken bars of hate,
 And, one by one, before his face went down.
 He said, "Thy will be done."

The twilight dimmed and deepened, from afar
 The gathering storm bent o'er him with a frown,
 Enfolding in its folds star after star;
 The moon, with back-turned, grieving face went
 down.
 He said, "Thy will be done."

The air was filled with falsehood, like the mist,
 Intangible, and stifling, and still;
 While phantom fingers wove around his heart
 Their premonitions of oncoming ill.
 He said, "Thy will be done."

Friends stood afar, before their faces seemed
To hang suspicion's veil, like gossamer,
Yet steel-like in its fibre, gentle trust
Was dying; with a broken heart
He said, "Thy will be done."



GLIMPSES OF EDEN.

They come, when the heavens are deepest and bluest,
When, bathed in the sunlight, the soft clouds float by;
They come, when all nature on earth and in ocean,
Doth rival in beauty and brightness the sky.

Then thought, that strong bird which can never be
fettered,
Bears us on its wings through the past, dim and
lone,
Till we gaze on the trees of our first father's garden,
And rest in the bowers of our first mother's home.

They come, when with innocent eyes like an angel's,
A fair child looks out on this great busy life,
Like a dove, with its olive-branch, bearing a message
Of peace o'er the vanishing waters of strife.

They come, when our eyes are so weary with weeping
That Death draws his curtain and shuts out the
earth,
To strengthen the spirit, just plumed for its leaving
This world, for the unclouded land of its birth.



THE CHILDREN.

God bless the little children,
The darlings of the earth,
The birds upon our tree of hope,
That thrill us with their mirth;
They bring us all our sunshine,
And half our comforts bring;
The world is full of melody,
Where the little children sing.

God keep the little children
In the safe and narrow way;
For O, those little dancing feet
Go easily astray.
God keep them, O God keep them,
May they never lack for love,
Till they meet the Friend of children
In the beautiful Above.

God take the little children,
When we lay them down to rest,
When all the joy goes from our homes,
And all the hopefulness;
O, let them in the realms of light,
With Christ the Holy dwell,
We know within our inmost hearts,
God doeth all things well.



WHAT WILT THOU DO?

What wilt thou do,
If the footman have wearied thee,
Timorous soul;
When horsemen of anguish
Rush on to the battle,
As on to a goal?

What wilt thou do,
If the waters of Shiloh,
The soft and the sweet,
Have brought thee no peace,
When the swellings of Jordan
Rush over thy feet?

What wilt thou do,
If the Spring-time and Summer
Have brought thee no joy;
When the cold winds of Winter
Sweep over thy vintage,
To blight and destroy?

What wilt thou do,
If, when lover and friend
Are about thee, thou makest thy moan,
When lover and friend
Have long since departed,
And thou art alone?

What wilt thou do,
When the strength of thy manhood
Thou hast bartered away,
And weakness shall stand,
As a foe, at thy bedside,
And wearing decay?

What wilt thou do,
When the follies of youth-time,
The pleasing desire,
Shall grow to a fever,
To vex and consume thee?—
Unquenchable fire!

What wilt thou do,
When Pleasure, thy mistress,
With balm-scented breath

Shall change, with her arms.
Like a viper about thee,
To corruption and death?

What wilt thou do,
When habits of evil,
Like judges of doom,
Shall tighten thy chains,
And drag thee, a prisoner,
Down to the tomb?

What wilt thou do,
When the day of salvation
At last has gone by,
And thou, with the sins
Of a lifetime upon thee,
Stand under God's eye?



ALMOST THERE.

I am almost there, I am almost there,
I am nearing the banks by the river's side,
I can hear, even now, when the day is fair,
The rush and the roar of the rising tide;
Sing, sing, I am leaving the realms of prayer,
I am almost there, I am almost there.

I am almost there, I am almost there,
I have passed through a dark and a lonely land,
I am breathing the odors of heavenly air,
Now wafted across from the other strand;
Sing, sing, I am leaving the realms of prayer,
I am almost there, I am almost there.

I am almost there, I am almost there,
I can see in the light of the sloping sun,
The glittering towers of the city fair,
And know that my journey is nearly done;
Sing, sing, I am leaving the realms of prayer,
I am almost there, I am almost there.

I am almost there, I am almost there,
I can hear the song the redeemed ones sing,
My angelic escort is drawing so near,
That I hear the sweep of their guardian wings;
Sing, sing, I am leaving the realms of prayer,
I am almost there, I am almost there.

I am almost there, I am almost there,
I am standing now in the water's swell;
I can hardly hear your words of prayer,
I can hardly utter my last farewell;
Sing, sing, I am leaving the realms of prayer,
I am almost there, I am almost there.

I am almost there, I am almost there,
Your songs die out, and your sun grows dim,
For my ears are filled with seraph's songs,
And my eyes with the glory that beams from Him;
Sing, sing, I am leaving the realms of prayer,
I am almost there, I am almost there.

IMMORTAL TILL HIS WORK WAS DONE.

Over the sea, in an English town,
In a mantle of gold the sun went down;
And the soft, sweet twilight slowly fell,
With its promised rest, o'er hill and dell,
More than a hundred years ago.

The mother folded her work away;
The father knelt like a priest to pray;
The children lisped their good-nights sweet,
And sank in the beautiful bliss of sleep,
More than a hundred years ago.

Alone, in his little upper room,
John Wesley slept, amid the gloom
In the silent shadows, still and meek,
With his young, red lips, and rounded cheek,
More than a hundred years ago.

But there came in the deep, dark night a cry:
"Fire! fire!" and red and high
The flames sprang up, like things of life,
Like angry men in battle strife,
More than a hundred years ago.

Could it be the touch of an angel hand?
Or was it a spark from a burning brand,
That awoke the boy? His frenzied shriek,
From the window high, blanched every cheek,
More than a hundred years ago.

Though around his head the red flame curled,
He must still live on, to arouse the world.
It is well for me, it is well for you,
That God gave work to that boy to do,
More than a hundred years ago.

For Zion lay at her ease, asleep
In the arms of the world, with few to weep;
With few of her sons to fight or pray,
While His watchmen dallied the hours away,
More than a hundred years ago.

Though the roof sank down to the cellar floor,
Though the hot walls crumbled, to rise no more,
O, it was well for me and you,
That Our God had work for that boy to do,
More than a hundred years ago.

* * * * *

'Twas an old man folded his hands to sleep;
He could not be roused, though the world should
weep;
As grandly he sank as the setting sun,
To arise with God; for his work was done,
Nearly a hundred years ago.



RESOLVES.

I said to myself, the journey is long,
Only a coward can sink to a slave;
There are lies to live down,—a right and a wrong,
Great conflicts await you;—be brave, be brave.
The shadows of evil passed over my soul,
Frowns of the living, and ghosts of the dead
Curdled my life-blood, and, fearful and cold,
E're ever I knew it, unconscious, I fled.

I said to myself, 'tis a world of lies;
No matter what others may do to you,
Be watchful, be prayerful, let no surprise
Bring falsehood upon you;—be true, be true.
I came to a by-way so twisted and bent,
I couldn't distinguish the false from the true,
Where no one said ever the things they meant,
How could I be truthful with such,—could you?

I said to myself, 'tis a world of care,
Despair is contagious, the doctors say;
Be ready to help, be willing to bear
Your share of the burden,—be gay, be gay;
A streamlet wound past like a silver thread,
Like a mirror reflecting the bright sunshine,
I looked; my eyes were as heavy as lead;
No brow in the crowd was as sad as mine.

I said to myself, no doubt there's a way
To carry the heaviest burden along;
Rest will be sweet at the close of the day;
Make no complaining,—be strong, be strong;
But under the noontide I labored alone,
While others with feasting the hours beguiled;
Alas, for philosophy; down on a stone
I wailed, and I sobbed, like a petulant child.

I said to myself, again and again,
Though virtue may never be understood,
There's a God in heaven, and God doth reign,
And angels will love you,—be good, be good.
I sat down to rest one beautiful day,
Where Nature had builded her bowers of prayer,

Looked into my motives, endeavored to pray,
But wondered and wept at the sinfulness there.

I dreamed a bright dream, like a wonderful song
Of a talisman carried forever and aye;
The wearer grew noble, and loving, and strong;
All sin and all selfishness faded away.
I listened and listened, the earth growing bright,
The stars shining down with an answering gleam,
A glorified cross shed around me this light;
I awoke, and this vision was not all a dream.



BEAUTIFUL DARLING.

Beautiful darling with starry eyes,
Looking out on the earth in a glad surprise;
Just on the threshold of life you stand,
A fairy, entering a fairy-land.

What do you know of the toil and pain
That hangs like a weight on my weary brain?
What do you know of the wrongs that thrill
Till they break the heart and dethrone the will?

What do you know of the grief and tears,
Of sunless days and summerless years,
That come unwelcomed and will not go
Till the locks grow white as the drifting snow?

With innocent joy your days are filled;
With hope unblighted and love unchilled,
In the bosom of home you are cradled at night,
Where care keepeth ward and love is the light.

Beautiful darling, my eyes o'erflow,
When I think of the things you will have to know,
As you meet in the future with sorrow and sin,
With foes from without and with foes from within.

To feel you were safe in the upper fold,
I could kiss good-by on your lips so cold,
And give you to God for your own sweet sake,
Though my heart in its longing and grief should
break.



WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

[“ What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and
lose his own soul?”]

The whole world, my brother,
From Greenland, the frozen,
To the silv'ry sands washed
By the South Ocean's tide;
The beautiful world!
From the Orient golden
To the land of the sunset,
Unbounded and wide;
The great marts of commerce;
The coffers uncounted,
Of its merchantmen's wealth,
And its noblemen's pride;

The whole world, my brother,
The gold that lies buried
For the unborn of ages,
In the unexplored mines;

The unlighted pearls
In the depths of the ocean,
The unexplained truths
 In the bosom of time;
All blessings that blossom,
And redden and ripen,
From the corn-covered West
 To the land of the vine;

The whole world of science
That opens and widens,
For ever and ever,
 As the centuries roll;
Till Grand Master, man,
From the heart of creation
Hath wrested all secrets,
 The new and the old,
And, the veil of the universe rent,
He may enter
The Holy of Holies,—
 With awe, to behold;

The whole world, my brother,
A conqueror over
The hearts of all people,
 To victory ride

So high, that no one
Of thy race may dare venture
To claim, as a rival,

A seat at thy side,
Beyond the grand dreams
Of thy youthful ambition,
Beyond the far reach
Of the vauntings of pride;

Does the Tempter stand by,
As he stood by the Master,
And show this to thee,

As he showed it to Him?
Does it cover thy vision,
The near view He gives thee,
Till the gold of the future
Seems worthless and dim?
Art thou tempted, one moment,
To fall down and worship?
Think, think, ere thou yield
To his awful control,
Of the words of the Master
Of Life. Can it profit,
To gain the whole world,
And to peril the soul?

Can the wealth of the universe
But for an hour
Turn backward thy fate

On its dial of pain?
Hath science the secret,
Hath victory power
To unbind thy soul,
From the weight of its chain?
When the immortal crieth
With infinite longing,
Can they give thee the manna
Immortal again?

There cometh a time
When the soul, like an infant,
Unclothed at its birth,
Shall be called to His bar;
When the praises of earth
Shall grow faint in the distance,
Like the toll of a bell
As it dieth afar;
When thine earth-lights shall fade,
Or seem to thee only
Like wandering beams
Of a meteor star.

There cometh a time
When the earth shall be shaken,
As the nerves of a weary one
 Under His tread;
There cometh a time
When the graves shall be opened,
And the sea, as from prison,
 Shall yield up her dead;
When earth's mighty captains
Shall plead to be hidden
From the books that are opened,
 And the words that are read.

Art thou tempted, my brother,
To fall down and worship?
Think, think, ere thou yield
 To the tempter's control,
Of the words of the Master of Life.
Shall it profit
To gain the whole world,
 And to peril the soul?

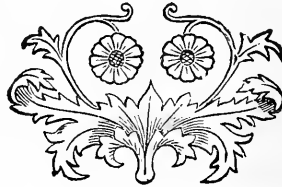
THE SPICE BEARERS.

On the olive-crowned summit of Olivet hung
The rose-tinted herald of dawning;
Darts of glory far up in the Orient sprung,
Golden gleams from the car of the morning;
But Sharon's rose slept in her mantle of tears,
And the lily sighed low in her dreaming,
And over the temple, and over the tomb,
Not a ray of this brightness was gleaming.

Night still brooded darkly o'er Zion's hushed streets,
Like the frown of a monarch offended,
Ere yet from their sacrificed offering for sin,
The smoke of the altar ascended.
Through the tombs of their mouldering prophets and
kings,
Through Gethsemane's garden of sorrow,
Came a wail, like the wail of the desolate past,
Uncheered by the hope of to-morrow.

To His grave in the gray of the morning they crept,
Cold and pallid with watching and weeping;
They hushed every heart-throb, they hushed every
step,

Where the guard of the High Priest lay sleeping.
O, spice-bearing daughters of Judah, this love
Of woman, unchanged and unbroken,
Distills like a silent perfume on our hearts,
Where the words of the Master are spoken.



SHALL NEVER DIE.

[“Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.”]

Not die! O, Master, will not tear-wet faces
 One day be sadly gathered round my bed,
 And valued friends, all standing in their places,
 Whisper, “She’s dead?”

And will not death shut out the fond lamenting
 Of those who mourn so bitterly, and weep,
 And draw his curtain round my closing vision,
 And let me sleep?

Is there not somewhere on the earth’s green bosom,
 A sunny spot of yet unbroken sod,
 Where man shall fashion me a silent chamber,
 To rest in God?

Where are the prophets, martyrs, and apostles?
Where are the fathers, who from life have fled?
When in the tomb, O, righteous, blessed Jesus,
Was not *Thou* dead?

O, Master, everything is fading, fading,
Beneath the silent stars, the azure sky;
Is there below one thing that is eternal,
And will not die?

Where are the millions that in earth's glad sunshine,
Have sung Thy praises, with an upturned brow?
And all the weary ones who wept before Thee,
Where are they now?

Deep in my inmost soul I heard him answer,
As still I questioned, "Lord, how can it be?"
The same sweet words He said to weeping Martha,
He said to me.

"Yes, thou mayest rest, and thy reward awaits thee,
And thou shalt be translated to the sky:
For he that liveth and in Me believeth
Shall never die.

“Thou shalt not know, my child, the dreadful meaning,
The whole dark meaning of the sentence, Death;
This is not death, to fall asleep in Jesus,
To yield up breath.

“When the last trump shall sound and all earth’s children,
Who sleep in dust, shall waken and arise;
Some shall find Death,—that ‘outer, unknown darkness,’
That never dies.”



THE SINGER.

I.

She sat in the door of a cottage small;
The people were thronging along that way;
We had gained a victory over the sea,
And this was a jubilant holiday.
The sun came out from behind a cloud,
And the little maiden began to sing;
Her voice was as sweet as the robin's call,
On the budded boughs, in the early spring.

II.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."
An old man stood in the street below,
Jostled and crowded,—he had lived too long;
And, heavily leaning upon his staff,
He list' to the words of the fair child's song.

All day long, like a heavenly strain,
Those words kept coming and coming again.

III.

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.”
A woman passed by in a coach so grand,
With liveried driver, and footman tall;
She lowered her veil with a jewelled hand,
Lest the people should notice the great tears fall;
And all day long, like a sweet refrain,
Those words kept coming and coming again.

IV.

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.”
An invalid leaned on his mother’s arm;
His eyes were as deep as the still, dark night;
A mocking flame on his thin cheek burned,
Like a funeral candle’s transient light;
As the breezes of Eden, that sweet refrain
Kept coming, and coming, and coming again.

V.

“Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin.”
The ears of a Magdalene caught the strain,
Her lips of their curses grew strangely dumb;
She crept as near to the white-robed child,
As the lost to the ransomed dared to come.
Like the pleadings of mercy, that sweet refrain
Kept coming, and coming, and coming again.

VI.

On the little grass-plat by the cottage door,
Are the merry voices of children at play;
But the songs of the silvery-toned are hushed,
Under the blossoming daisies to-day;
Sometimes a Magdalene comes and bends
Over the blossoms, her brow so pale;
Sometimes the bride of a nobleman kneels
Down in the daises, closely veiled.

VII.

“Jesus, lover,” the old man sings,
As he sits where the shadows are growing long,

“Thou, O Christ,” through the death-room rings,
With the swell of an anthem, the victor’s song.
The people come, and the people go,
And the harps of their hearts are with discord
strung;
But, once in a while, God sends to earth
The soul of a singer forever young.



REVOLUTION AND REBELLION.

We read, and our fathers have told us besides,
Aye, grand is the story they tell,
How the spirit of self-abnegation and zeal
On the noble old colonists fell.

On Washington, Putnam, and stout Marion,
Their leaders, unyielding and strong,
Whose deeds shall live on, while the nation endures,
In history, story and song.

Their foe was a mother far over the sea,
Whose heart to her children had grown
Estranged, as she envied their fast-growing wealth,
Which she greedily claimed for her own.

They wept as they took up the weapons of war;
Long, long, did they parley and pray,
Till the manhood within them was roused, and it said,
“Ye are slaves if ye longer delay.”

We cannot lament over Germantown now;
It seems to us far, far away,
But we sit down and weep, like a heart-broken child
Over Gettysburg's slaughtered to-day.

Yes, almost forgotten, in quaint old churchyards,
Their low, sunken graves now are green,
While, thick as the sheaves of a newly reaped field,
The mounds of our last war are seen.

The hand of a brother clutched fiercely *our* throat;
Yes, born the same day we were born,
Twin brother he was, yet his best gift could be
A crown thickly woven with thorns.

He forced us to strike him, aye, down to the earth;
He forced us to punish him sore;
To hold him away from our hearts and our arms,
Till his madness and frenzy was o'er.

Jehovah! thou God of our fair fatherland;
We bow to Thee now as we pray ;
O, hold us in safety, within thy strong hand,
As the ages roll slowly away!

Save us from the anguish of desolate war;
Save us from the dreadful increase
Of civil corruption, that grows fungus-like
In times of abundance and peace!



AFRICA REDEEMED.

“O write and tell what Africa will be—
The land of slaves—a hundred years to come;
When all the babbling lips, o’er land and sea,
Are hushed in death, aye, voiceless, cold and dumb.”

Her eyes were glowing with an inner light;
Her color went and came; her lips, apart,
Were tremulous with thoughts that came all bright,
Like intuitions from a burdened heart.

Am I a seer?
Can I go down the future, and bring back
Large grapes of Eschol from the promised land?
God holds the key; fulfillment is not slack;
His sacred word is pledged; wait God’s command!

We had been talking of the darkest land,
Far the most hopeless on this sin-cursed earth;
Though here and there, like beacons on the strand,
Seen from afar, lone gleams of light shone forth.

My sleep went from me, and I lay and thought,
How old, forgotten despots long ago
Ruled in that land, and mighty wonders wrought
Amid its ruins. Solemnly and slow,

As from the dead, a long procession passed;
Old heroes, giants, demi-gods, in file,
A pre-historic age, until at last
King Menes founded Memphis, on the Nile.

Then fair Nicotris came; stern as the Fates
Fell her swift vengeance for her brother, lost.
The shepherd kings; Thebes, with its hundred gates;
Grand old Sesostris o'er my vision crossed.

Then Dido reigned and sorrowed; Carthage rose;
Then Hannibal—Rome's bitter foe was he—
From Alpine ridges of eternal snows,
Like bird of prey swooped down on Italy.

Then Cleopatra, that dark, dazzling queen,
Came winning warrior hearts, and bringing strife;
Great Cæsar was her *friend*, but Antony
False to a purer love, her *slave*, for life.

Then fair Alhambra where Alhamar reigned;
In Moorish grandeur while he wrought out this,
His dream of Paradise, in Southern Spain;
A miracle of grace and loveliness.

This Africa is now, what Europe was,
When through her undrained marshes long ago,
Fierce robber-hordes waged unrelenting war;
• And wild barbarians wandered to and fro.

Where the fierce Druid reared his circling stones
'Neath the weird beauty of the full-mooned skies,
And filled the night with wails, and shrieks, and
moans,
Where human beings writhed in sacrifice.

This Africa redeemed, I think, will be
Like one who followed Christ in days of old,
Saved from her shame, her guilt, her misery.
By love made generous, by love made bold,

This will she do: with an unsparing hand,
And an ungrudging heart, her incense sweet,
The abundant treasures of the noble land,
Her best, her all, lay gladly at His feet.

Like the demoniac amid the tombs
Of wild Gadara, desolate and dim,
The voice of Christ will reach her, she will rise,
And, cured of demon worship, follow Him.

The old, waste places she will build again;
Her hand will rest upon the throbbing heart
Of busy commerce; bound for every land
Her laden vessels daily will depart.

Her savage hordes, her rude and wandering tribes,
Will be great nations, able to defend
Themselves from fraud and wrong, give back your dole
With double interest; pay all you lend.

No more her children will be bought and sold,
When Christ's fair banner o'er her is unfurled;
For soldiers, brave as Hannibal of old,
Will hurl back the reproach of all the world.

Day after day goes on; year after year
Is gathered with the past; soon you and I
Will say to our old fields of labor here,
And fellow-laborers, "Good-by, good-by."

The work will fall from out our nerveless hands;
In our last resting-place, disrobed and still,
No more for civilized or savage lands
Despair will daunt us, or successes thrill.

Our little ones will bear the torch of truth
Across the continent, nor let it fall;
Infuse into the work the hope of youth,
And freely give the Light of Life to all.

Then *they* will fall; our workers pass away
Like front ranks in the battle, fast, so fast!
But be ye sure of this; dark Africa,
Though latest born, shall be redeemed at last.



THE DRUNKARD'S SIN.

In the dark old castle of Nuremburg,
Is a relic of ancient sway,
Invented by tyrants of olden times,
As a punishment for terrible crimes,
Unknown at the present day.

In the chamber of torture under ground,
Stands an image with covered face,
With an iron cloak and an iron hood;
And woe to the man or the woman who stood
A moment in its embrace.

For the garments are lined with sharpened spikes,
That swiftly and silently close,
Till the points press into the temple veins,
And the eye-balls are pierced by a thousand pains,
And the agony is untold.

Still closer and closer the clasp becomes,
Still deeper and deeper the woe,
Till the shrieks die out into stifled moans,
And a horrible mass of flesh and bones,
Drops into the pit below.

I have thought this image of Nuremburg
Is a type of the drunkard's sin--
The fetters of habit that round him close,
The piercings of conscience in unreprieve,
The dying of hope within.

For closer and closer this death-embrace
Enwraps the poor victim in woe;
And he who invited the demon's clasp,
Is only released from the iron grasp,
To sink in the pit below.

* * * * *

I was wrong to say there is no release,
No cure for this habit. Ah, then,
Christ were but an unmeaning word to thee;
It were better, far better, for you and me,
That our being had never been.

THE REPROOF.

The people were met in the house of God;
They opened the meeting with prayer;
The minister sat in his pulpit alone,
The deacon and doctor were there;
A question had risen of vital import,
And they to decide it had come:—
This, vexed of all questions, to license or not,
The selling of whisky and rum.

The preacher arose; not a goodlier man
In the crowded assembly than he;
In all of his actions, and all of his tones
He seemed to be candid and free.
He knew that strong drink was a grievous thing,
He wished it abolished for one;
But public opinion demanded the sale,
And, therefore, it could not be done.

Whether licensed or not, it was sure to be sold:

The law would be broken. What then?

Why, license the sale, and make those who sell

Into good and respectable men.

And then the physician, a moderate man,

A dealer in stimulants, spake:

“St. Paul, the inspired, did once recommend

Some ‘wine for the weak stomach’s sake.’”

So one man said this, and one man said that,

But only one man in the town

Replied, that till arguments worthier thought

Than any yet offered were found,

They had better, far better, put policy by,

And strive in the Almighty’s sight,

To build round humanity bulwarks of strength,

And lift up the fallen to light.

Then a woman arose in the dim-lighted space,

From an uncushioned seat, near the door,

A woman who looked like an outcast to all,

Most desolate, haggard and poor;

The hectic of death on her thin cheek burned red,

The fever-flame gleamed in her eye;

She spoke, and her voice was as sad as the wind,

When it sweeps through the December sky.

“Yes, look ye upon me; look all ye upon me,
And say if ye know me this night;
I dwelt in your midst when the future gave promise
Of everything hopeful and bright.
You remember the farm that slopes down to the sun-
rise,
Where the heaviest harvests were gleaned;
You remember the farm-house, the orchard surround-
ing,
Where peace and prosperity seemed
To enter in league with open-palmed plenty,
And shower down gifts from above;
You remember the matron who called in the reapers,
The tall sons, the sons of her love.

“They are sleeping to-night in the shade of this
church-spire,
Where the tall grass droops over the stones;
Side by side in the church-yard, all resting together,
The father and both of his sons;
The serpent that entered my bower of Eden,
Was clothed like an angel of light,
This demon of alcohol—curse of the nations—
Whom now ye will license to-night!

“You said there was safety in moderate drinking,
If they only avoided excess;

They sat in these pews and never ye warned them,
Until life had no help or redress.
They passed by your licensed saloons in the morning;
They were met by the tempter at night;
Within was the jest, and the jovial companion,
And the gleam of the festival light.

“I saw the approach of our foe, from the distance,
And fought as one warreth with death and despair
From my heart, tears of blood seemed to fall for the
failing
Of all that was man-like and noble and fair;
But they quoted the words of the priest and the
deacon,
They quoted the words of the doctor to me;
They are lost, they are lost, all unblest and unholy,
They are lost, and their blood on your garments
shall be.

“I came from the poor-house to give you this warning,
I rose from my death-bed to bid you beware;
We will stand at the bar of God’s justice together.
Upholders of license I summon you there;
And ye, who with conscience have trifled and dallied,
And you who principle war as a foe,

Shall be branded with infamy, then and forever,
For the records of shame that the opened books
show."

She paused, and a chill, like a death chill, crept over
The hearts of all present; together they drew
A long, sobbing sigh; the minister, trembling
Like aspen, rose up and walked down to a pew.
The doctor said, "Neighbors, we give you the ques-
tion,
Decide as your conscience demandeth this day:
Shall we license the sale?" From the crowded as-
sembly
As the voice of one man came the answering, "Nay."



THE SERPENT SPELL.

I sat in my peaceful chamber,
The noontide was calm and still;
I saw the people passing
In the valley and on the hill;
They came from the land of Sunrise,
And down on the ocean's strand,
Stepped into a boat that bore them
Across to a better land.

I sat in my peaceful chamber,
The noontide was warm and still;
I saw from the land of Sunrise
Two beings pass over the hill;
One was as pure as a lily,
And there lay in her dark, proud eye,
All of a woman's tenderness,
Passionate, true, and high

Strong was the youth beside her,
Fair-haired, and strong, and sweet,
And the smile of the maiden ever
Held him in joy complete.
As I list' to the song they were singing,
Low and tender, I knew
They two would journey together
All of the journey through.

But under the tangled grasses,
And down by the river bed,
I saw, with its fierce eyes gleaming,
A serpent's uplifted head;
Over the crimson hedgerows
It trailed in its mad pursuit,
And on through the golden grain-fields,
And over the ripened fruit.

Once, as his footsteps lingered,
The eye of the serpent fell
Into the eyes of the young man,
Thenceforward a baleful spell
Forever and ever held him,
Till heart and hand and brain
Grasped for the fruit, where the serpent
Had left its poison train.

A wonder, born of anguish,
To the heart of the woman came;
A fear and a desolation—
Forboding without a name,
Till all of the gladness faded
Out of her starry eyes,
And her white lips crushed forever
Back to her heart its cries.

I looked—there lay in her bosom
A babe, and the rings of gold
Clustered about its forehead,
And beautiful was the fold
Of the long and silken lashes,
As o'er its smiling sleep
The mother bent continually,
Forgetting now to weep.

Still that trailing serpent
Kept up its constant strife,
Though the father turned and fought him
As one would war for life.
Alas! alas! the poison
Had entered every vein,
And a thirst of death consumed him—
A never-resting pain.

I looked—a group of children,
Fair as the light of day,
Danced in the morning sunshine,
Over the summer way;
But pale as a nun in cloister
The woman had grown meanwhile,
And all of her beauty vanished—
All but her patient smile.

Alas! for manhood vanquished,
Alas! for the working spell,
For the good that within him perished,
When a fiend from the lowest hell
Entered and took possession,
And forever held at bay
The love that strove to lead him
Into a better way.

I looked—she leaned on a fair youth,
As strong as him of old,
And a beautiful girl glanced upward,
With her father's curls of gold;
The hands of another served her,
But they all in terror seemed
To shrink from the man beside them,
Where the eye of the serpent gleamed.

I looked—there were moans of anguish,
And a coffin! and a shroud!
Then strong men shook for terror,
And women wailed aloud;
For into the heart that loved him,
The pure and patient breast,
The murderous weapon entered,
And the weary was at rest.

Ah, well, but the grave has hidden
Many a wrong away,
That will rise in the Resurrection,
And be judged at the Judgment Day;
That will rise in the Resurrection,
No more to be forgot,
With fire unquenched forever,
And the worm that dieth not.

Gone from the land of the living,
The husband and the wife,
The boy and his fair-haired sisters;
But along the paths of life
That serpent traileth ever,
And the blight of his evil eye
Followeth its victims,
Till all that is lovely die,

And sin and woe prevaiileth;
Alas! for the deeds that are done
Under the midnight blackness,
Under the midday sun.

I sit in my peaceful chamber,
The noontide is calm and still
The people pass continually
In the valley and on the hill;
My heart is almost breaking,
I want to warn them so,
To rise and banish quickly
From the land their deadly foe.

I want to see them rising—
The man whose locks are white,
The young man and the maiden,
Growing strong to help the right.
I want to see the brother
And the sister, side by side,
And the matron in her glory,
And the bridegroom and the bride.

The foe is strong before us;
His threats are proud and high,

And the bloated priests of Mammon
In the markets prophecy;
And the honors of the nation
By our senators are sold,
And life and love and safety
Are sacrificed for gold.

As year by year is added
To the tide of ages past,
There are hearts that break in silence,
Pure and patient to the last;
But the bitter wrong remaineth,
And the work there is to do
Calls for martyrs, if it need be,
Calls for *men* and *women* too.



UNSATISFIED.

The storm went down upon the deep,
As sobbing children sink to sleep;
The throbbing, pulsing, billowy sea
Grew calm, and O, it seemed to me
That pitying stars looked kindly down,
Like love's clear eyes on anger's frown.

We floated slowly, day by day,
Beneath the fierce meridian ray,
Without a breeze, without a wave,
A plank between us and the grave;
With thirst-parched lips and swollen tongue,
To life with frantic love we clung.

Oft-times with frenzied, tortured brain,
We saw our distant homes again;
Oft-times at feastings, rich and rare,

We seemed to sit, while all the air
Was fragrant with the rich perfume
Of ripened fruit and flowers in bloom.

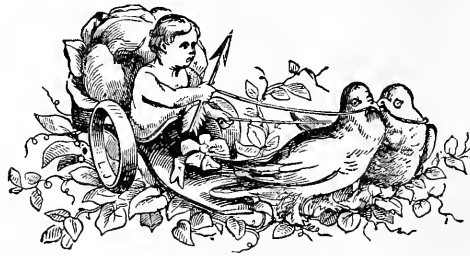
At length we reached a desert strand,
O'erspread with heated, shifting sand;
No shrub was there, no grasses green,
No fountain cool, no running stream;
It was a land of rocks and stones,
A land o'erspread with sun-dried bones.

The sunlight on the dazzling plain,
Brought dizziness and blinding pain;
Babbling of home we onward moved,
As if before was all we loved;
For still we saw, or seemed to see,
The cool, deep well, the spreading tree,
The waving grain, the busy town,
Lost, ever lost, and ever found.

Alas! alas! amid our strife
And labor after this false life,
Each step our weary feet trod o'er,
We saw the mirage just before,

Till in despair our parched lips cried,
Unsatisfied, unsatisfied.

Go write against the highest name,
Upon the gilded dome of fame,
Within the palaces of mirth,
Upon the fairest scenes of earth,
With all their pleasure and their pride,
Unsatisfied, unsatisfied.



SOWING AND REAPING.

Every hour is a test hour,
Every day a trial day;
God's truths are perfect balances,
He every deed will weigh.
We are answering every moment
To the questionings of time,
Living out our aspirations,
Ignoble or sublime.

We are building our own temple,
On the rock or on the sand:
'Tis for us to say, who build them,
Whether they shall fall or stand;
Some of gold and precious jewels,
Some of stubble, wood and hay,
All above us, all beneath us,
Watch us working day by day.

We are living—it is awful—
Every heart-throb, every breath,
Brings us nearer to the portal
Of eternal life or death;
For the life-germ of the Spirit,
Planted in the soul, will grow,
Or decay work out its ruin,
Death and never-ending woe.

Are we sowing to the Spirit,
Waiting for our Harvest Home?
Just as surely as God liveth,
Life's reward to us will come;
Are we sowing—it is awful—
To the flesh our seeds of woe,
To a harvest of corruption?
Do not doubt but it will grow.



THE FLOWER MISSION.

I will tell you a tale as one told it to me;
I often recall it, by night and by day;
A man who had journeyed across the wide sea,
Far from the home of his childhood away,

Lay sick in a hospital; many a week
Kind strangers bent o'er him through long, weary
hours;
They brought to the sufferer, patient and meek,
The rarest of fruit and the loveliest flowers.

His eyes, full of longing, would welcome these gifts,
Peering into their petals, then turning away,
Would fill to the brim with glistening tears,
Till he sobbed like a child on the couch where he
lay.

“We brought you our costliest, rarest and best,”
Said his kind, patient nurse, “What can you want
more?”

“I was weeping,” he said, “for the old-fashioned
flowers,
That grew long ago at my grandmother’s door.

“The old-fashioned flowers, my own childish hands
Planted under my window, when I was at home;
The blossoms that grew in my own native land,
I love them, I miss them, wherever I roam.”

They sent to the forest, they sent to the field,
To the beautiful gardens around;
Near the cottage of one who was born o’er the sea,
These flowers of his childhood were found.

But the eyes of the sick man had closed to the earth,
And his lips had grown silent and cold;
So they folded his hands, like a child’s, on his breast,
And placed the bright buds in their fold.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

Go and tell Jesus your trials,
No one can help you so well,
No one cares more for your sorrow,
Kneel in your closet and tell
All of your wanderings over,
All of your weakness and woe,
All your resolves for the future,—
No one can comfort you so—
Go and tell Jesus.

Go and tell Jesus this moment,
Make Him your refuge, and live;
He has the power to help you,
He has the blessing to give;
He has endured the temptation,
Triumphed again and again,
Walked in the way you are treading,
The dread, dreary level of pain;
Go and tell Jesus.

Go and tell Jesus, your ransom,
He your redemption has paid;
All of your debts He has canceled,
He in the balance was weighed;
He was found perfectly righteous,
He was from selfishness free;
He has secured your acquittal,
Yours shall His righteousness be;
Go and tell Jesus.

Go and tell Jesus, in glory
He pleads for the sinner to-day;
He is your Life—O believe it—
He is the Truth and the Way;
Look in His hands for the nail-print,
Look for the wound in His side,—
Could brother do more for a brother?
Could bridegroom do more for his bride?
Go and tell Jesus.

Go and tell Jesus this moment,
True, you have wandered too long;
Now the good Shepherd has found you,
Trust in His love and be strong;

You want to see Him in glory,
You want to reign with Him there,
Go to your closet and meet Him;
Tell Him, this telling is prayer.



THE DIFFERENCE.

What maketh us to differ?
Are not thy gifts as grand,
As God-like, thine inheritance,
As any in the land?
Gifts of the soul so wonderful,
And intellect so high,
That nothing seems impossible
Thou hast a mind to try.

Hast thou not God to guide thee?
And faithful friends to share
Thy noblest inspirations,
Thy sorrows and thy care?
And do not on before thee
Life's paths seem opening wide
To usefulness and honor
Beyond thy highest pride?

Thou hast the love of woman,
So tender and so true,
That but death's icy fingers
Those tendrils will undo.
The love of little children,
So pure and undefiled—
God pity thee!—unworthy
The sweet trust of a child.

The tempter's stamp is on thee,
He is moulding thee at will;
Soul-beauty is departing;
Is there beauty lingering still?
'Tis debased, and low, and carnal,
A delusion and a snare;
Thou art passing, O my brother,
Beyond the reach of prayer.



DREAMLAND ESCAPADES.

I was dreaming, and knew I was dreaming;
Asleep, yet not wholly asleep;
I had entered that state where the seeming
The ward of the real did keep,
With such uncanny grotesqueness teeming,
I knew not to laugh or to weep;

For facts were all out of proportion,
And fantastic fancy at will
Tumbled down without mercy my castles;
But then, I had only to build.
My wand was the wand of creation,
And I was in humor to build.

So the universe grew to my liking,
I leveled the mountains to plains,
And then where it suited me better
I built up the mountains again;

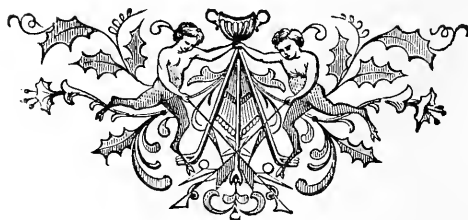
I ploughed up the barren Sahara,
And sowed all its acres to grain;

I commanded the winds of the tropics
O'er the great frigid ocean to blow,
Till icebergs and glaciers melted,
Flooding all of the countries below,
And then to the Indian jungles
Transported Siberian snow.

Yet the world grew to be but a jumble,
In spite of my labor and pains;
The Esquimaux roamed through the jungle,
And plead for his ice-fields again;
The Arab cursed loud for his desert,
With never a "thanks" for his grain.

Must men love such wond'rous vexations
As ice-fields and deserts of sand?
Because they have stood since creation,
To the end of the world must they stand?
I said, "O ye blind, foolish nations,
Go back if ye will to God's plan."

Perhaps it may be that the Builder
Has wisdom to carry it through;
Without me He laid the foundation,
Perhaps He can finish it too;
If so, to be wisely contented
Is about the best thing I can do.



TILL DEATH.

Soon the war will be ended, O soldier,
The grand field of victory won;
Thy strong foe defeated and driven,
Thy long, weary marches all done;
When the army of Zion disbanded,
Its long days of vigilance cease,
Thou shalt rest thee, O war-weary soldier;
God rules o'er a "kingdom of peace."

Soon the night will be ended, O watcher;
Now the hours drag slowly away,
But you know when the shadow is deepest,
We surely are nearing the day.
Soon the sun will arise in his glory,
Bringing order and light in his train;
Thou shalt rest, thou shalt rest thee, O watcher,
Where the night never cometh again.

Soon the storm will be over, O sailor,
The wild, sobbing sea will grow calm,
Thy ship will sail into the harbor,
To leave the port never again.
Does the fear of some direful disaster
Make you shrink at the black tempest's frown?
Do you know Jesus Christ is the Master,
And your vessel will never go down?

Will you faint in the harvest, O reaper,
Surrounded by full-ripened grain?
When the eye of the Master is on you,
Can you speak of the sun's blinding pain?
The black clouds come up like a foeman,
See! see! they are dark'ning the sky;
Will you know that the sheaves are all garnered,
Or, true to your harvest work, die?

Ah! this is the time of your labor,
The time for the storm and the strife;
Let us stand on our watch and be sober,
For darkness with danger is rife.
We may pray for the presence of Jesus,
We may cry to Jehovah, "How long?"
But O, while His coming delayeth,
Be vigilant, sober and strong.

Let us shout at the guard-posts of danger,
To startle our foes in affright;
Let us sing to the praise of the Master
Who giveth us songs in the night.
By and by, on the golden harps waiting,
Shall our anthems of victory ring,
Till heaven's high battlements echo
With the praises of Jesus, our King.



BEULAH.

I dreamed that an angel came down from heaven,
And stood in this valley of tears;
He seized with firm grasp that old serpent, the Devil
And bound him a thousand years,
And cast him into the pit of darkness,
That he should deceive no more,
That love might abound, and good will, ever,
Till a thousand years should be o'er.

Then men came out of their dens, and trembled
No more at the tempter's rod,
And the earth grew fair as the Garden of Eden,
When it came from the hand of God;
Men talked with God in the cool of the evening,
As one would talk with a friend,
And plucked from the Tree of Life its fruitage,
Till suffering came to an end.

I awoke and wept; for wails of sorrow
Were sounding still in my ears,
Clad still in its sable garb of mourning,
Earth yet was a valley of tears;
As long as I wept my hands were folded,
And my life's work all undone;
How fast, O, how fast, in the western heavens
Was sinking my work-day sun.

I heard a voice, as it were an angel,
That spoke to my very soul,
Arise thyself; *thou* canst chain this dragon;
Thou hast of *thyself* control,
And cast him out of thy heart forever,
Nor let him deceive thee more;
Thy life shall be fair and pure as Eden,
A thousand years and more.



BEYOND.

I've a beautiful picture, life-tinted,
In the imagery halls of my soul,
Of a land where the bloom is immortal,
Whose inhabitants never grow old.

There are lawns, there are hill-slopes and meadows,
More fair than a fairy-land dream,
And trees, where the fruit never faileth,
On the banks of its river are seen.

It hath flowers, like the souls of the flowers
That perished on earth long ago;
It hath birds, like the birds of our childhood,
Whose songs we are delighted to know.

It hath skies, yes, the brightest and bluest;
The silver-fringed clouds and the gold
Into strange forms of grace and of beauty
Forever, do fold and unfold.

It hath mountains and lone, winding valleys;
It hath forests, cool, shadowy, still;
The long vines trail over the branches,
The bright flowers garland the hill.

By voices long passed we are haunted;
Like the vibrating toll of a bell
Lingering long on our ears, they grow fainter,
Then die out at last;—is it well?

Time places his hand on our treasures,
And relentlessly sweeps them away;
He freezes our sobs into silence,
He changes our jewels to clay.

Our friendships all fade as the leaves fade;
Our best aspirations are chilled;
Hath the Father made us to mock us
With hopes that are never fulfilled?

I believe that no beauty can perish;
I believe that no true love can die;
That as melody vibrates forever,
Soul-longings are filled, by and by.

I believe, as an infant, from weakness,
 Groweth up into manhood at length,
Stepping-stones we may make of our failures,
 Of our sorrows, a ladder of strength.

I believe in an atmosphere purer,
 When we enter the haven of bliss,
We may live out our soul's aspirations,
 We may build on the promise of this.



NAMES.

My eldest child was tall and shapely,
I said, in my mother's pride,
She'll look so like a noble princess,
Or a dark-haired, Jewish bride;

I'll give a name that fits completely
Her radiant, regal brow;
I called her Sarah, princess Sarah,
They call her *Sadie* now.

My second girl was just a snow-drow,
A pearl, a lily, and yet
She's Maggie, Maggie, only Maggie,
Though christened Margaret.

My third was named for the Virgin Mother,
But e'en in her childish play,
'Twas Mollie, Mollie, only Mollie,
'Tis Mollie to this day.

PASSING.

We linger not in the day of sorrow,
Not even to wonder and weep;
Still onward, onward our steps are tending,
Quick time, in time's march, we must keep.
Yes, onward, over the brambles and briars,
Though they pierce us at every step,
Into such tangled, untrodden wildwood
As we never have traveled yet.
We cannot linger, we may not stay;
Time passes—we are passing away.

We may not linger for love's warm welcome,
Nor rest in the bowers of ease;
We may not linger for bird or blossom,
For the sun or the cooling breeze.
Our way lies onward, over the mountain,
And over the desert so bare,

And through the beautiful, smiling vineyard,
And into the pestilent air.
We cannot linger, we cannot stay;
Time passes,—we are passing away.

Farewell to the land of summer roses,
Where the eye hath the diamond's glow;
We come to the land where the almond trees
Are blossoming whiter than snow;
Where smiles are clouded with lurking sadness,
And care furrows deep every brow,
For cold are the winds that blow from the river,
They're chilling the life-current now.
We may not linger, we cannot stay;
Time passes,—we are passing away.

We loved Thee, O God, in youthful fervor,
And in mid-life's unceasing glow;
Thou wilt not forsake when our strength is failing,
And our locks are as white as snow.
Let us lean on Thee as we near the river,
And go down to the water's brink,
Lest we feel the cold waves surging round us,
Lest we doubt and begin to sink.

We may not linger, we can not stay;
Time passes,—we are passing away.

Let us catch a gleam of the opening splendor,
Of Heaven's unclouded day;
Let our souls be filled with joy and rapture,
Ere we pass from the earth away.
One moment to stand where the Holy City
From afar in our vision glows,
And then to enter its rest and beauty,
Its glorious, calm repose.
We may not linger, we cannot stay;
Time passes,—we are passing away.



SAVED.

Long, long had I striven with weakness,
 With darkness, and sorrow, and pain,
 Hungry, and thirsty, and weary,
 Discouraged again and again.

All hope from my heart had departed,
 And left me un comforted, where
 The cold winds of doubt blow forever,
 Down the bleak border-land of despair.

But home to my ears came a rumor,
 As if a great multitude said,
 "The Master is here; will you perish,
 And die in the desert, unfed?"

My eyes and my ears closely shrouded,
 To shut out the sight and the sound,
 I lay like the dead; I was dying,
 Though all were rejoicing around.

“ Arise!” and the hand of the Master
Sought mine with the grasp of a friend;
I arose; I was healed, I was joyful,
All darkness and doubt at an end.

My joy is the joy of the spring-time,
Transforming the earth in its glow,
Through Beulah, the land of the blessed,
By the side of the Master I go.



AZRAEL.

The Angel of Death to the earth had been sent,
On a mission of mercy and love;
He came with the strength of a conquering king,
The spirit of mortals to summon and bring
Before the tribunal above.

Wherever he went a feeling of dread
Came over the souls of men;
With terror-winged footsteps how swiftly they fled,
As he entered their door, as he shadowed their bed,
How they trembled in agony then.

He saw a fair boy by the roadside at play,
A boy with bright ringlets of gold;
O fairer than anything under the sky,
Was that beautiful boy to his mother's fond eye;
Her joy it could never be told.

He touched the rich blood in her darling's young
veins

With his scepter of ice. How it froze!
Like a frost-blighted blossom of autumn he lay,
His young mother shrieked as they laid him away,
To slumber in sinless repose.

He saw a fair maiden as bright as the sun,
And sweet as the roses in bloom,
As, filled with great rapture, the multitude hung
On the warblings so bird-like that fell from her
tongue;
He hushed that glad song in the tomb.

He knew her young heart would grow selfish and vain
With the praises and passions of earth;
Her eyes would be faded by grief's bitter rain,
Her lips would grow pallid with anguish and pain,
So he called her away in her mirth.

He saw a bad man in the noontide of life,
Going forth in his pride and his power;
His infidel heart filling earth with its strife,
And blighting the promise of many a fair life,
As if sin was his unquestioned dower.

And knowing he never would turn from his way,
Death laid that bad man 'neath the sod;
The earth, long polluted and cursed by his stay,
Grew brighter, and fairer, and better the day
He was called to the judgment of God.



THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

They lay along the vale of death,
All glistening, white and dry,
As if a mighty army,
Beneath that torrid sky,
Smote by some direful pestilence,
Had laid them down to die.
“Go,” said the Spirit, “stand before
The dead, and prophesy.”

Lord, these are dead, forever dead,
They cannot see nor hear;
O, send to living, moving men,
Thy words of hope and cheer;
The living, Lord, can praise Thy name,
The living can draw nigh,
“Yet,” said the Spirit, “stand before
The dead, and prophesy.”

The four winds blew upon that land
The kind'ling breath of God;
Bone moved to bone, on every hand;
From out that valley trod
A mighty host of living men,
No more in sin to die;
“Go,” saith the Spirit, “stand before
The dead, and prophesy.”



ME JUDICE.

I hadn't a thought of my garden at all,
Till I peered one day o'er my neighbor's wall,
And saw his vegetables straight and tall,
And his beautiful flower beds.
I turned to my own, and a flush of shame
And bitter regret to my forehead came,
And I wept as I bowed my head;
With brambles and briars 'twas overgrown;
The gate swung loose and the fence o'erthrown;
Speaking low to myself, I said,
"What is the difference? How can it be?
Have all these brambles their roots in me?
Have they all been nurtured and trained by me?
Sown in idleness, year by year,
And tended by carelessness over here,
Ripening and scattering far and near,
Evil reproach and endless shame!

If God will help me, every one
Shall be rooted up ere the set of the sun;
Shall be burned to ashes ere set of sun,
And be cast to the winds away."

My hands were torn and my heart was sore,
The more I labored, the more and more
Nothing but brambles and briars it bore,
For many and many a day.
Thistles and pigweed and burdock stalks,
All over the beds and the garden walks;
How the poison-ivy tangled my feet,
How the night-shade tainted the air complete,
Great weeds of evil and roots of wrong,
Grown by my negligence rank and strong,
Laughed at the reform of a day.

Then I went to work with hoe and spade,
I dug and weeded, I toiled and prayed,
The nettles sprung up and I cut them down,
The thistles kept coming, the vines crept round;
Though I made some progress from day to day,
After all I shall have to say,
That habits of evil will never pay;
It didn't take much good sense to see,
They weren't a great deal of help to me.

MANY MANSIONS.

Many mansions! many mansions!
O my Savior, can it be,
In that home of life and glory,
Shall be found a place for me?—
I who have been so unfaithful,
Have so oft Thy spirit grieved,
Since I bore the name of Christian,
Since in Thee I have believed.

Mansions in that world of beauty!
There no care can wound the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
There no thorns of secret sorrow
Pale the cheek and cloud the brow;
Where we feel no dark to-morrow
Bringing heavier griefs than now.

In that land of many mansions,
Former things are passed away;
Never joy gives place to sorrow,
Never night succeeds the day;
Far beyond our weak endeavor,
All that thought or tongue can tell;
None can pain the dear forever
Where the saints in glory dwell.



MEMORIAL DAY—1875.

I.

Shine warmly and brightly, O life-giving sun,
On the lawns and the garden bowers;
Awaken the beautiful sisterhood—
The vines, the buds and the flowers.

II.

Rose-bush, call to the folded leaves
Of thy roses, white and red;
Lilly-bells, pansies, and snow-balls white,
Grow radiant for our dead.

III.

Blossoms of summer, hasten to bloom;
Blossoms of spring, delay;
Beauty and fragrance together blend,
Upon our Memorial Day.

IV.

We must bring some token of grateful grief,
We must lay them upon their graves;
We must shed some tears for the heart's relief,
Where the bright spring verdure waves.

V.

We must talk to-day of the days and years
That tried the souls of men;
We must take our place in the ranks, and fight
Our battles over again.

VI.

What could they offer more than life?
What more could they do than die?
What more to the nation's warning call,
Than to answer, "Here am I?"

VII.

What more could they do, but take this stand,
Where the fire of the foe fell fast,
And fall like a full-leaved bough, torn down
By the autumn's tempest blast.

VIII.

The riven ranks closed up again,
On the trampled field where they fell;
The rent home-circle healed once more
By the balm of time—'twas well.

IX.

We have only a sabre, rusty grown,
Only a worn canteen;
Only a suit of the army blue,
And a battered musket seen.

X.

Only a face, by memory wreathed,
Looks calmly down from the wall;
Only a flag on a tombstone carved,
And a grass-grown mound, is all.

XI.

Only our daily board is spread,
And our nightly rest secure,
Because they gave up love and life
To make these blessings sure.

XII.

Hush! hush! the air is full to-day
Of the spirit of the past,
And a glory, mortal eyes see not,
Is about the nation cast.

XIII.

Hush! hush! let memory make her plea,
And the words we say be few;
Let her walk by our side and hold our hand,
And guide us the whole day through.

XIV.

Let her kiss our eyelids at eventide,
As night-shades slowly fall,
And lead us into the land of dreams,
Whence lost love-voices call.

XV.

For the weary world will task and toil,
And laugh and shout and grieve,
Our sweet companion—Memory—
Perforce, must take her leave.

XVI.

But many times at eventide
She will come, as the day grows still,
And the eyes of love, and the music tones
Of the past she will raise at will.



SOWING THISTLES.

I once had a neighbor, named Ellen McCarty,
Who was pious, and sober, and good to the poor;
Her sons were well trained, her cottage as tidy
As any on hill-side, or valley, or moor.

One fault had poor Ellen—the truth must be spoken—
A tongue that from gossiping never could rest;
And over and over, to her Father Confessor,
This sin of all others she always confessed.

At last he grew weary of warning and chiding,
Of penitent promises, penance and prayer,
For he felt in his soul, if the woman to heaven
Should be taken, dissensions would follow her there.

He gave her a ripe thistle-top; then he bade her,
As penance, “Go scatter the seeds in the air;”
And when she came back with a smile at his weakness,
He bade her, at once, bring them back to him there.

“Nay, nay,” cried the woman, with tears of vexation,
“’Twould take me from now till the end of my life.”
“Amen,” said her Father Confessor, “then gather
The seeds you have scattered of scandal and strife.”



A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There they sat, Grandmamma's darlings,
All in a beautiful row,
Gathered around the wide fire-place,
Looking right into the glow.

Bennie's black eyes, how they sparkled!
Full of his innocent mirth;
Jennie's and Annie's were beaming
With promise of womanly worth.

"Tell us a story, Grandmamma,"
Said Bennie, "a grand story, do;"
"Something of old time," said Annie,
"Something that happened to you."

Grandmamma's Story.

“My hair was as brown as yours, Jennie,
But that was a long time ago;
My eyes were as black as yours, Bennie,
And sparkled as brightly, I know.

“I then was a gay, romping gipsy,
Dancing over the hill and the plain,
Would you think it of Grandmamma, darlings,
Who now is so old and so lame,
She scarcely can walk on the sidewalk,
With Bennie's strong arm for a cane?

“I loved to play best with my brothers,
Three brave lads, so healthy and tall;
I ran, jumped, and climbed over fences,
To find a lost hoop or a ball—
My curls floating out on the breezes,
My laugh ringing loudest of all.

“I cannot remember my mother;
Her eyes closed as I opened mine;

On our walls hung her beautiful picture,
That faithfully seemed to combine
The sweetest, the truest expression,
With a rich glow of sparkle and shine.

“At her death, our dear father, grown restless,
Despondent and eager to roam,
With his motherless babes crossed the ocean,
And sought in the west world a home.
We grew face to face with kind Nature,
Untrammelled by art, and unknown.

“He bought this great farm of the red men,—
He scorned to defraud them their due,—
We lived through long years unmolested,
Though neighbors around us were few,
By even the savage respected,
Upright, independent and true.

“Whenever he mentioned our mother,
His voice sounded tender and low;
His lips would grow paler and tremble,
His eyes would lose half of their glow.
‘Twas plain, she had been his life’s angel,
He treasured her memory so.

“One time, in the long summer twilight,
As the moonbeams crept into the door,
My father seemed thoughtful and saddened,
As I never had seen him before;
That fair-pictured face seemed to kindle,
As the weird flood upon it did fall.

“My father clasped me to his bosom,
I lay in a half-slumber sweet;
My sister looked pure as an angel,
She knelt on a stool at his feet;
My brother stood pensive and silent,
I almost could hear their hearts beat.

“That evening he told us her story;
A child of refinement and pride,
She had left the rich home of her kin-folks,
And battled the world by his side,
Till, frail as some lovely exotic,
To the wild moor transplanted, she died.

“He told us with what desperation
He fought the destroyer for years;
How he clung to his heart's choicest treasure,
And pleaded with wild, bitter tears,

With the Author of Life but to spare her,
As the dread time of parting drew near.

“He told how it drove him to frenzy,
To see her so willing to go,
As the spirit-life opened upon her,
And lifted her into its glow,
Till its radiance, almost a halo,
Encircled her brow with its glow.

“As the bell’s toll grows fainter and fainter,
Then dies into silence on air,
As the fire-embers flicker and flicker,
Till nothing but darkness is there;
Thus slowly she faded and left him,
In loneliness, grief and despair.

“He told us he raved like a madman,
And Heaven’s high power defied;
He told us his soul would have perished,
Had he in his misery died,
Cut off from the mercy of Jesus,
By hardness of heart, in his pride.

“He said, that around him still lingered
A shadowy phantom of pain,

That the wind moaned her name through the case-
ment,
That he saw her pale face in the flame;
One thought of her loss, his heart thrilling,
An ever recurring refrain.

“He said, ‘God is calling upon me
To-night—has been calling all day;
I believe He will love and receive me,
Nor turn from the sinner away;
Let us seek Him, my children, together,
Let us bow here before Him and pray.’

“We knelt in the moonlight together,
And sobbing, our life’s sins confessed;
And then in humility pleaded
For comfort, protection and rest.
We rose, with one heart and one purpose,
A household whom Jesus had blessed.

“What became of my brothers? Why, Charley
Died fighting with General Wayne,
And Daniel died just ere his manhood,
By the hand of a Loyalist slain.
Ah! those were the dark days of anguish,
Of bitter bereavement and pain.

“But Ephraim lived until eighty;
Aunt Rachel was his youngest child;
Dear Bessie, while still a young mother,
Left her babe, and went Home—reconciled.
She went, leaving earth and its blessings,
With a heart and a life undefiled.

“They are now all at Home with the Father,
All clothed in their garments of white;
I’ll meet them again in the morning,
When the darkness gives place to the light.
Now, Bennie, and Jennie, and Annie,
My darlings, kiss Grandma good-night.”



A WORLD WITHOUT A SABBATH.

My friend you have set the most difficult task,
Ever given to mortal below;
A world with no rest-day? Is that what you ask?
Ah me! who can fathom such woe?

You bid me go back to the earliest time,
When man new-created was pure;
His life must have been one sweet anthem divine,
One constant soul-rest, I am sure.

You say, Now suppose God had given no rest,
Way back in the morning of time;
Can't you see, while obedience reigned in his breast,
This rest was a birth-right divine.

I tell you, my friend, when this terrible curse
Came down, like a blight, over all,
God left us this day as it was in the first,
Still bearing no trace of the fall.

So a fragment of Eden we have, though we fell,
Fair Eden, the pure and the free;
Without it, this earth would sink down into hell,
Now that is just how it would be.

You ask me to paint you a picture of death,
I give you the mist-shrouded form;
Indistinct as the night coming down o'er the heath,
And wild as the wind-driven storm.

I show you his hand just uplifted to fall,
His foot on the neck of the race;
The grave-covered earth, the coffin, the pall,
But never can paint you his face.

Take God from the world, all justice, all right,
All beauty, all comfort, all grace;
Now the form of this woe just emerges to sight,
No genius can paint you the face.



THE TONGUES OF FIRE.

They prayed for the Holy Ghost's descent,
And the chained world waited its jubilee;
The nights and the mornings came and went,
With longing hearts and faith unspent,
They trusted, but could not see.

“Go ye into the wide, wide world,
Beyond the boundary of Palestine,
To the old barbaric races; far
Beyond the rule of the Roman star,
To every tribe and every clime,”

Were the words still ringing in their ears;
And the light that fell into their eyes yet shone
From the loving glance of the Son of Man,
Ere He went up to His Father's throne
Through the rifted cloud; and they were alone.

“Tarry ye here till the Promise comes;”
They knew not why, and they knew not when,
The sun rose over the temple spire,
And shone on its gilded dome like fire,
Then sank in the western sea again.

How can I write of the rushing wind,
That filled the room, and the Tongues of Fire?
But out of my heart, O Son of God,
One deep, wild yearning of desire,
Goes up for the cloven Tongues of Fire.

Say to us now, O Son of Man,
“Go into the world,” and we will go:
Whether it be to the torrid land,
To the jungle wild, or the burning sand,
Or the home of the ice and snow.

But not till Thy glance of undying love,
Fall into our eyes and into our hearts;
Not till the Spirit shall give us power,
As it gave to them in that golden hour,
Will we depart.

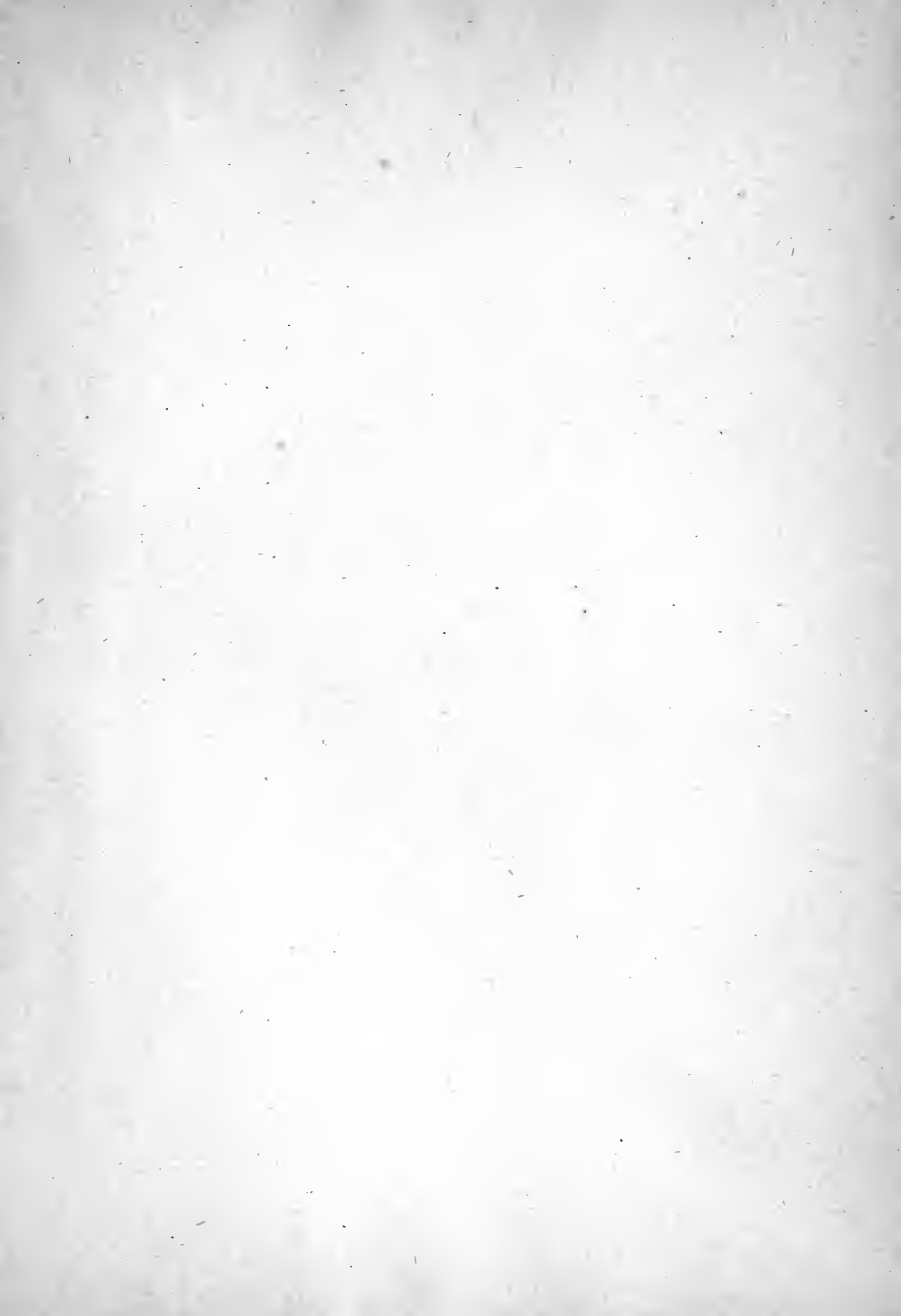
For the sake of the millions who must die;
For the sake of the unborn race we pray;
For the rousing of those who calmly lie
At ease, while the days and years go by,
Give us the Tongues of Fire to-day!

In the name of the risen Son of God,
Our Priest at the altar above, we pray,
In the name of our spotless sacrifice,
Give us the Tongues of Fire to-day.











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